

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENSOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Gœthe*.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W

VOL. 53—No. 30.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Closing Performance.—"Lohengrin."

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 24th,** will be presented (for the Ninth and Last time) **WAGNER'S** Grand Romantic Opera, "LOHENGGRIN." The performance will commence at Eight o'clock. Elsa di Brabant, Mme Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Araldo, Signor Costa; and Ortrud, Mlle Tietjens. During the evening will be sung the National Anthem. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open from Ten till Five. Tickets also of the principal Librarians and Musicsellers.

**MR SIMS REEVES** has the honour to announce that, having made special arrangements, his **ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT** will take place this year at the **CRYSTAL PALACE**, on **SATURDAY** next, the 31st July, Concert commencing at Four o'clock. Artists—Mme Christine Nilsson (her first and only appearance at the Crystal Palace this season), Mme Patey, and Mlle Tietjens) her last appearance before her departure for America); Signor Foll, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Mr Charles Hallé. Conductors—Mr August Manns and Mr Arthur Sullivan. Trumpet obligato—Mr T. Harper. Accompanist—Mr Sidney Naylor. Numbered stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; galleries, 3s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling; or by Guinea Season Tickets. In the evening a great Pyrotechnic Display, with special devices, by Messrs C. T. Brock and Co. Plans of seats at concert, and places booked at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; Novello's, 1, Berners Street, W.; all Music Publishers; and at the Crystal Palace Ticket Office.

**MR W. H. HOLMES'S SECOND PIANOFORTE CONCERT**, by his Professional Pupils, assisted by eminent Professors (which he is permitted to announce under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH), will take place at **ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, July 30, at Two o'clock.** Programmes and Tickets of Mr W. H. HOLMES, 36, Beaumont Street, W.

**MDME LIEBHART** will sing **SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S** new Song, "NORAH'S MESSAGE," with Harp accompaniment by Mr Aptomas, at the Concert for the Benefit of the Sufferers from the Inundation in France, at **Langham Hall, 43, Great Portland Street, on Tuesday, July 27th, at Eight.**

**MDLLE E. TATE** will play Sonata, No. 5 (Beethoven), with violin; Partita (1) B Dur (Bach), (2) Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin); Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven); Rigoletto (Liszt); Trio, Op. 1, No. 2, G Dur (Beethoven)—at her Concert, To-Night, at Eight o'clock, St George's Hall, Langham Place.

**MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT** will play, at **Langham Hall** (in Aid of the Sufferers from the Inundation in the South of France), on **Tuesday Evening, July 27th, KITTERER'S "GRAND OCTAVE GALOP DE CONCERT."**

**MDLLE JOSEPHINE MONTAGNON** (Mezzo-Soprano), of Schubert Society's Concerts. For Concert ENGAGEMENTS, address—Care of C. J. BISHENDEN, Esq., 16, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

**MR EMILE BERGER** is re-engaged as Pianist for the **Saturday Evening Concerts (Glasgow), commencing in September.**

**HERR WILHELMJ** will be at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS during the months of November and December next. All communications to be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

**MR PAUL SEMLER** (Pianist) begs to announce that he can accept engagements for Balls, Soirées, &c. His repertoire consists of all the celebrated Dance Music of the day, as well as his own compositions. Terms on application, by letter, to be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

**TO PUBLISHERS.**—A Young Man wishes for an ENGAGEMENT in the establishment of a Music Publisher or Librarian, either as Traveller or Assistant. Good address; is a fair Pianist.—"Scherzo," DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**OTTO** on the VIOLIN.—New and further Enlarged Edition, published This Day, price 4s. This work is a Treatise on the Structure and Preservation of the Violin, and all other Bow Instruments, together with an account of the most celebrated Makers, and of the genuine characteristics of their Instruments. Translated from the Original, with Additions and Illustrations by JOHN BISHOP. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

### THE LATE DR ELVEY'S PSALTER.

Eighth Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

**THE PSALTER; or, Canticles and Psalms of David.** Pointed for Chanting on a new principle. With Explanations and Directions. By the late STEPHEN ELVEY, Mus. Doc., Organist of New and St John's Colleges, and Organist and Choragus to the University of Oxford.

Also,

A Cheaper Edition (the Tenth). Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, price 2s. 6d. The Canticles separately (Fourteenth Edition). Fcap. 8vo, price 6d. This Psalter is used at St George's Chapel, Windsor, and at many Cathedrals.—JAS. PARKER & Co., Oxford and London.

Just Published.

### TWO SONGS.

"EVENING IN AUTUMN." Words by R. HARE, Esq. price 3s.  
(Dedicated to Miss E. KNAPTON.)

"WAITED AND WATCHED." Words by ORLANDO WRIGHT price 3s.  
(Dedicated to his friend, W. MAYBRICK, Esq.)

Composed by W. F. BANKS.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

### "HOME, SWEET HOME."

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE HARP SOLO.

By CHARLES OBERTHUR.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### VOCAL EXERCISES.

Composed by FRANK MORI.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—These Vocal Exercises, as taught by FRANK MORI, are invaluable both to Students and Professors.

### "WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING."

DUET

For Equal Voices.

The Music Composed and Dedicated to

MISS HEGINBOTHAM and MISS MOWER,

By H. KUSTER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### "OUR DARLING."

SONG,

(in C and in E flat).

The Words by ETTY LOVELL.

The Music by J. HALLETT SHEPPARD.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,  
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSSELLERS,**

**LYON & HALL,**

**WARWICK MANSION.**

# NORAH'S MESSAGE.

SUNG BY

## MADME ADELINA PATTI

WITH DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS AT

## THE FLORAL HALL.

THE POETRY BY

## THE LADY JOHN MANNERS.

THE MUSIC BY

## SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Price 4s.

"A new and pretty Irish ballad, abounding in sentiment and feeling, and precisely the kind of thing desired by the mass of amateurs, was most delightfully sung by Madme Adelina Patti. It is called 'Norah's Message.'—*Morning Advertiser*."

LONDON:

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET.

### WILFORD MORGAN'S SONGS.

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| HER I LOVE .. .. .   | 4s. |
| COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE.. .. .   | 4s. |
| MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY .. .. .   | 4s. |
| SWEET EVENING AIR .. .. .  | 4s. |
| (N.B.—The above Songs have been sung with distinguished success by Mr WILFORD MORGAN.) |     |
| LITTLE BIRDIE, SING TO ME .. .. .  | 4s. |
| (Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE.)  |     |

### ANTHEM.

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| IF THOU WILT FORGET ME (THE 13TH PSALM) .. .. .   | 4s. |
| (For Tenor or Soprano Solo, with Chorus <i>ad lib.</i> , as sung at the Temple Church. Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.) |     |

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

### TWO DUETS

FOR

### TWO PERFORMERS ON ONE PIANOFORTE.

- |   |
|---|
| No. 1, DUET IN G. No. 2, DUET IN F MINOR. |
|---|

Price 3s. each.

Composed by HEINRICH STIEHL.

(Op. 73.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

### "CHARLIE IS MY DARLING,"

SCOTCH AIR,

AND

PORTUGUESE AIR,

("TO THE BELOVED ONE")

Transcribed for the Pianoforte.

By CHARLES E. STEPHENS.

Price 4s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

### "MY LADY SLEEPS."

SERENADE FOR VOICE AND PIANO.

By IGNACE GIBSONE.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Two Sacred Duets (Just Published) by HENRY SMART.

### "SUMMER OF THE SILENT HEART,"

AND

### "BEYOND THE HILLS,"

SACRED DUETS

For Soprano and Contralto.

Composed by HENRY SMART.

Price 4s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### "DREAM ON,"

SONG,

Words and Music by ERNEST HOUGHTON.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### "CUPID'S APPEAL,"

BALLAD,

And the Sequel,

### "MARRIAGE BELLS,"

SONG.

Price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW SONG,

### "MID THE SCENTED CLOVER,"

Sung by

Miss EDITH WYNNE.

Composed by

LOUIS DIEHL.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### EVENING THOUGHTS.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

- |                     |                                 |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| No. 1. "TWILIGHT."  | No. 3. "THE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER." |
| No. 2. "THE BROOK." | No. 4. "WAFLED UPWARDS."        |

Composed by IGNACE GIBSONE.

Price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

### "ALBION AND SCOTIA,"

FANTASIA FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

On "My Love is like the Red Red Rose" and "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Composed by WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

### ESPAGNOLIA.

BOLERO FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

BY

CHARLES OBERTHUR.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, composed by C. OBERTHUR, "SI DOUX ET CHER,"  
Pédale Musicale pour Piano, prix 3s.

### "YESTERDAY."

SONG.

Written by CARIS BROOKE.

Composed by

P. A. PARISS.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Paris ce 3. octobre

Monsieur W. F. Jarvis!

M. Grandjean vous aura déjà dit combien  
j'étais peiné de ce que un engagement  
antérieur me privait du plaisir de com-  
paraître à votre aimable invitation  
pour Lundi. Vous pourriez me débrouil-  
ler de cette peste, si vous voulez être  
assez bon & aimable de me faire  
l'honneur de venir dîner avec moi  
Mercredi & vivant, à 6 heures  
aux petits moulinets rouges avenue  
d'Antin N° 17. Vous y trouverez  
M. Berlioz, Jules Levaillant & quelques  
autres personnes de votre connais-  
sance. Surtout oui Monsieur W. F. Jarvis  
Vous ferez grand plaisir par là  
à Mme  
tout dévoué  
Meyerbeer

Monsieur W. F. Jarvis

Meyerbeer

Paris

## ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 6.

Reinhard Keiser (born at Leipsic in 1673), is considered the father of German melody. When director of the Operahouse at Hamburg, and the speculation was just on the point of failing, he saved the concern from ruin, by writing and bringing out no less than eight operas in one year. Every one of them succeeded, and their receipts released the theatre from all pecuniary difficulties.

Keiser, in conjunction with the learned Matheson, gave public concerts at Copenhagen, where he was honoured with the nomination of Chapelmaster to the King. On his return to Hamburg, he brought out *Circé*, the last and most beautiful of his operas. This was first performed in 1734, and was the one hundred and eighteenth which this indefatigable artist had produced. He died in 1735. It is to be regretted that hardly any of Keiser's works are now to be procured, though a new edition of some few of them was talked of in Hamburg about the year 1810.

Johann Caspar Kerl was a native of Saxony. He is justly esteemed one of the most celebrated organists that the world ever produced. Kerl's principal work is his "*Modulatio organica super Magnificat acto tonis ecclesiasticis respondens*." In a competition that he had with some Italian musicians, at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, he composed a piece for the organ so difficult that none but himself could execute it.

Michael Lambert, born in the year 1610, at Vivonne, is supposed to be the first who gave his countrymen a just notion of the graces of vocal music. His compositions, however, are not very numerous. He died at Paris in 1690.

Lamia was the most celebrated female flute-player in antiquity; her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as a prodigy. The honours she received, which are recorded by several authors, particularly by Plutarch and Athenæus, are sufficient testimonies of her great power over the passions of her hearers. Her claim to admiration, from her personal allurements, does not entirely depend, at present, upon the fidelity of historians; since an exquisite engraving of her head, upon an amethyst, with the veil and bandage of her profession, is preserved in Paris, which in some measure authenticates the accounts of her beauty. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extended. Her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performances were not long unnoticed at the court of Alexandria. However, in the conflict between Ptolemy Soter and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about three hundred and twelve years before Christ, Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch, in his life of this Prince, tells us that "the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid by the charms of her person, which procured her many admirers of great rank." The prince, whose captive she became, conceived a violent passion for Lamia. At her instigation he conferred such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and, as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "Venus Lamia."

## More about Lohengrin.

At length, after we have waited, with more or less anxiety, for some years, buoyed up by hope and prostrated by despair, an opportunity of hearing Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been vouchsafed to us; and, although we are given to understand that the opera is but, as it were, milk for babes, it is the kind of food which is able to nourish us, so that, in the time to come, those who choose can feast upon the strong meat of the Music of the Future. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to resent this term. We cannot wholly and suddenly discard the idea that Beethoven was something more than a fumbler in the dark, and that *Fidelio* is a work which embodies the true spirit of dramatic and poetical music. It is hard at first, and when we have only heard *Lohengrin* once, to grasp the notion that Mozart was a student of his craft, who worked on wrong principles; indeed, so long have we trodden in the ancient ways, that we are even reluctant to write Meyerbeer down an ignorant and misguided concoctor of orchestral effects. By a very excellent authority, "Music" has been described as a "heavenly maid;" but Herr Wagner seems to draw much of his inspiration from other sources. There is, however, music and music—the "concord of sweet sounds," of which Lorenzo spoke, and the harmony which Nick Bottom described. "I have a reasonable good ear in music," the immortal weaver of Athens once asserted; "let us have the tongs and the bones;" and Herr Wagner would indignantly ask, "Why not?" When Bottom is translated, the apostle of the Music of the Future would say inharmonious elements are enjoying a temporary triumph. The tongs and bones are comparatively inharmonious, let them be played, and the dramatic requirements of the situation will be adequately fulfilled. Herr Wagner and his disciples will be charmed, because they can argue out their motives from an irreproachable premiss, and the rest of humanity will be derided as Philistines, who can only appreciate beauty when it appeals directly through the sense which Providence has bestowed upon them, and before they are convinced that argument and the stern demands of philosophy will justify them in so doing. But whatever complaints may be made against the ignorant gibes of persons in this country who are supposed to be musical, certainly no charge of neglect can be brought against Mr Gye and those who assisted him in the maiden presentation. With *Mdlle Albani* as *Elsa*, *Signor Nicolini* as *Lohengrin*, *Mdlle d'Angeri* as *Ortrud*, and *M. Maurel* as *Frederic of Telramund*, all that could be done for this musically-illustrated drama was done; while the *mise-en-scène* was superb. Cloth of gold, regal purple, silver armour, and robes of spotless white, were all bountifully grouped together, to give effect to tableaux and processions. Several horses were led and ridden on to the stage; and the Swan, from which *Lohengrin* derives his *sobriquet*, was a mechanical triumph. But in opera it is impossible wholly to overlook a consideration of the music, if there is any; and, of the harmonies and melodies which we have been accustomed to class as music, there are few. The work took some four hours and a half in the performance, and the score occupies some 383 pages; though it is only fair to the management to admit that two or three dozen have been excised. Out of this lengthy book, all that is agreeable to the ear could be played in some twenty minutes. The story, we may remind our readers, describes how *Lohengrin* was sent by his father, Sir Percival, the guardian of the Holy Grail, to champion the cause of the innocent *Elsa* of Brabant, who is accused of having murdered her brother, who has really been spirited away by the witchcraft of *Ortrud*, wife of *Frederic of Telramund*. Unfortunately for Herr Wagner's hearers, a great deal of the story, and, therefore, of the music (to which the poem is supposed to be inseparably wedded), deals with the craft and cruelty of this reprehensible couple, and the "heavenly maid" is employed to illustrate their dark designs. The result is chiefly crudity and incoherence. Some passages of melody are to be found at distant intervals. The phrase in which *Lohengrin* bids farewell to the "bel cigno gentil" is eminently graceful, and there are a few bars of delightful chorus immediately afterwards. *Elsa* has one or two very short passages of truthfulness; and the *finale* to the first act, and the celebrated Bridal Chorus, "*Lieti e fedeli*," in the third, are musical as we understand the term. But most of *Lohengrin* can only be described as "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Eble.



## SALVINI.

(From the "Saturday Programme.")

(Concluded from page 481.)

But a still greater triumph was in store for the artist genius. It is one thing to make a stir in the amusement-loving-world, and quite another to beat down the inevitable prejudices which surround the art of any nation. Many an indifferent actor or singer has before now been made into an idol and worshipped. But to obtain the worship of the professors of art is quite another thing. Now no one would pretend for a moment to say that English actors are overridden with prejudice, or are altogether destitute of the liberal sentiments which belong to the nation. Still, it is merely human nature when some resentment is felt at the perpetual praise of rivals or the encouragement of competitors. When a beautiful woman enters a ball-room it would not be natural if all her rivals crowded round her and loaded her with praise. They are all in a measure her rivals. They desire to shine as much as she does. They would be glad enough of the praise which is showered upon her. At any rate, they have entered into an honourable competition, and do not care to be beaten out of the field. Be this as it may, there are occasions, however, when the peerlessness of beauty in woman draws, as it were, the very eye-teeth of prejudice, and compels admiration even from rivals. There are women so fair to look upon that admiration springs to the lips of their sisters. It was much the same with Salvini when he played to the dramatic profession that celebrated Monday morning at Drury Lane. There certainly had been some mutterings heard about "these foreigners." The perpetual praise of foreign art was—perhaps naturally enough—distasteful to the great majority of the profession. It galled them to be told of French plays and French players. And then, in defiance of all accepted notions of free trade, they fell back upon the old Conservative cry of the "shame of these foreigners being allowed to come over and take the bread out of our mouths." Honourably, however, let it be said that these murmurs utterly ceased at the approach of Salvini. His genius was so superior to anything that had been seen by the majority of our artists, that it was accepted with a chorus of praise. If any had come to scoff they remained to pray. And it would be difficult to quote a case in which a more flattering compliment has been paid by art to art. The excitement of that morning can never be forgotten; the acting of Salvini as Othello on that occasion has never been excelled; the effect of a performance of one actor on a large audience has never been equalled. Here, at least, was the ideal actor—a man possessing the most fascinating physical gifts—a style which is the very echo of nature—and a glorious power of execution, kept well in hand and firm as in a vice. All that actors struggled and tried to attempt was here shown to them. The day-dreams of their career was shown as in a picture, and the inevitable feeling after witnessing the performance was that further struggle was vain and ambition fruitless. They could not act that night. Their heart and spirit had left them, and the first impulse was to go about saying, "After such acting as that, what is the good of struggling any more?" All of us who are ambitious and have any respect for our callings will well understand how natural were these transitory feelings. And Salvini did not rest upon the triumph of Othello, which would well have carried him through more than a London season. In these days, when *Hamlet* is played for 200 nights, such an Othello might well act for a year. It was in *The Gladiator* that Salvini showed that he was anything but a one-part player, and, in the opinion of very competent judges, he has never shown himself such a genius as in the amphitheatre scene of this remarkable tragedy. The play, it is true, was not for the multitude. It was "caviare" to the unclassical, but it was a superb treat for the

critics. There are those amongst us, thank goodness, who are not perpetually cavilling at what they choose to call dull plays, or protesting that they cannot take interest in any subject allied to a classical period. There are some of us who can enjoy a good read at Gibbon, and prefer the occupation to any perusal of the novels of the day. It was a disaster, therefore, when the general taste decided against *The Gladiator*, and compelled Salvini to set aside one of the best examples of the force of his genius. The mind, travelling back over the pictures this actor has given us, will rest affectionately on one pre-eminently beautiful. It is that of the rough brutalized slave and public murderer, humanized by a woman's presence and electrified by the sudden apparition of his daughter's face. Here, in this very arena, before the eyes of Rome, in the presence of the Empress and her court, before debauched priests and debased people, this *Gladiator*, the favourite of the people, is appointed to slay the child he has lost and been seeking for years. The awakening of the man in the savage is one of the finest things ever seen in the whole range of dramatic art. The huge arena, the crowds of people, the hungry faces, the glitter, the pomp, and the show, are absolutely dwarfed and made insignificant by the superb majesty of the man. He towers above the scene like a giant. His despair appears to have given him the strength of a Samson and the proportions of an Anak. He towers over his child like a mountain, and his great arms seem like trees shading her dear eyes from the burning sun of the people's contempt. All these ideas are presented solely by the actor. We talk of "taking the stage." It is done by Salvini in this scene apparently in one bound. If anything finer or more dramatic has ever been seen, even on the boards of Drury Lane, we should very much like to be told of it. It is a picture of despair and of humanity which will linger on the memory so long as life lasts and remembrances are pleasant. In discussing the *Hamlet* it was natural enough that Englishmen should point out the inadequacy and inconsistency of the Italian version of the play; but it is erroneous to suppose that Salvini is in any way responsible for it. His duty was to interpret the text presented to him, and we are not aware that one single voice has been uplifted against his artistic method. It is not the English *Hamlet*, perhaps, or the German *Hamlet*, but it is a performance which brings out to the full extent all the refined culture of Salvini's style and all the exquisite finish and beauty of his art. The scene with Ophelia when *Hamlet* bids her farewell, the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother after the play, the frequent discourses with Horatio, and the pathetic death-scene of *Hamlet*, have never been equalled for the purity of their beauty. Loving tenderness to woman and beautiful affection to man here receive their most sublime expression.

And so, with this rapid and most imperfect sketch of the life and career in England of this remarkable genius, we take leave for the present of Signor Salvini. We have spoken of his career and influence as an artist: we should like to dilate on the charm of his society, the modesty of his bearing, the depth of his learning, the charm of his conversation, and the fascination of his presence. This, unfortunately, cannot be; but those who know him understand how to appreciate such rare gifts. Bound body and soul to his art, Signor Salvini is never so happy as when dilating upon it or discussing Shakspeare—his idol—with the countrymen of his favourite poet. All will learn with some pride and satisfaction how Salvini loves England already, and expresses with the most sincere cordiality his delight at his short visit now drawing to a close. But with far more satisfaction will the news be spread about that England is so dear to Salvini that he will come again. As Horace mourned for the threatened loss of Mæcenæ, so well might English art lament the farewell of Tommaso Salvini.

PRAGUE.—Mad. Friedrich-Materna has been singing here.

## MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.\*

BY JOSEPH SEILER.

## III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(Continued from page 441.)

Johannes Beer is more indebted to his original writings than to his musical compositions for a place here. The said writings, musico-theoretical, historical, and æsthetico-polemical, are numerous, and mostly conceived in a perfectly original tone of satire, something between Philander of Sittenwald's *Geschichte* and the *Kapuzinaden* of Pater Abraham. Joseph Riepel, an author of a subsequent period, has the same satirical tendency; but, though more refined and becoming, he is far less original than Beer, whose sketches, for the better comprehension of musical matters in Germany during the 17th and the 18th centuries, possess, even at the present day, an especial interest. From his principal work, *Musikalische Discursen*, published in 1719, by P. C. Monath, at Nuremberg, I will give some extracts in corroboration of what I have said concerning his originality. In the first place, however, here is something about his life, which, materially considered, was rather uneventful.

Johannes Beer (Bähr, Bär), Concertmaster and Chamber Musician to the Duke of Weissenfels, was born in the Styrian village of St George, in 1652. In his tenth year, he went to pursue his studies in the Benedictine Abbey of Laubach, where, by the beauty of his alto voice, he soon attracted the attention of the musical pater (*Regens Chori*). The latter, an old and well-trained Italian, became the first singing and music master of the lively boy, thirsting for knowledge. In 1670, Beer went to the Gymnasium at Regensburg, and, some years later, to Leipsic, where, according to Gerber, he studied theology. Very soon, however, thanks to his fine voice, his talent as a violinist, and several occasional pieces, he made himself so well-known, and so popular, that he was offered the post of Concertmaster at Weissenfels. He immediately accepted it, and, having subsequently had, also, the title of High Princely Chamber Musician conferred upon him, worthily fulfilled, to the day of his death, the duties connected with it. His writings were very numerous, but only a part of them received publicity through the press. The titles of the most important are *Ursus murmurat*, 1697 (the sole work printed in the author's lifetime), *Ursus saltat*, *Ursus triumphat*, and *Ursus vulpinatur*; the last three never having been printed, though, in their time, widely circulated by means of manuscript copies. They are all directed against Gottfried Vockerodt, who, in various school programmes for 1696, had warmly censured the immoderate love manifested by Claudius, Nero, and Caligula, for the fine arts, particularly music, and had asserted that all useful arts and callings had suffered through the one-sided partiality of the Cæsars. This was wrongly interpreted in high places, it being believed that Vockerodt wished to make sovereigns abandon their predilection for music. The consequence was that Johann Christophe Lorber, Dr Johann Christophe Wentzel, and, above all, our hero, Johannes Beer, appeared against him with biting pamphlets, in which the Gotha School Director was not treated too indulgently. He considered, therefore, that he ought to explain and defend himself more at length in a larger book. It is thus that there was published in 1697, by Zunner, Frankfurt, a quarto treatise of 22 sheets, under the title: *Abuse of the Fine Arts, especially of Music, together with an extorted Investigation of the Question: What, according to the Opinion of Dr Luther, and other Evangelical "Theologi" and "Politici" is to be thought of Operas and Comedies? thoroughly and plainly set forth against the libels of Dr Wentzel, Herr Joh. Chr. Lorber, and a Musician of the Weissenfels Court (Johannes Beer), with an appendix, containing I. A reminder to the "censores" of this Work; II. The Programma attacked by the Pasquinaders; III. The Scruples of the Worshipful Theol. Faculty of Giessen; IV. Representation of the frivolous and strange Behaviour of the Weissenfels Pasquinader, who, instead of disproving this Work, which was yet unpublished, unread, and still less tested, prepares two fresh Pasquilla, and causes their titles, "Ursus saltat" and "Ursus triumphat," to be carried about and made*

known by interested Persons. Published, with gracious approbation, by Gottfried Vockerodt, Rector of the Princely Gymnasium, Gotha.

But the matter was not allowed to end here. In various other treatises and tracts, Vockerodt sacrificed to his immoderate love of wrangling, showing himself in these works, now literary rarities, a genuine pedagogue with tie-wig and ferule, so that Beer and his friends, who would never allow the dogged rector to have the last word, always boasted of the laughers on their side. Besides possessing a natural talent for satire, Beer was a Latin scholar; a logician armed with all the weapons of sophistry, and a man well exercised and ready in every kind of literary fray. The combination of his various gifts rendered him a dangerous foe for the pedagogue, who possibly afterwards felt rather sorry that he ever meddled with the music of the Weissenfels Court.

Walther relates in his *Lexicon* the following characteristic anecdote of our Johannes.

A certain Duke told the Organist of his Court to compose the music of a *Singspiel*, or piece interspersed with songs. The Organist, from whom such a thing had never before been required, said that, with God's help, he would see what he could do. From this answer as well as from the Organ Virtuoso's sketches of what he was going to do, the Duke soon remarked that he had asked for more than the man could do. He ordered some one to write for Beer. The latter arrived with all possible speed, undertook, and, in three weeks, finished the task. Being asked what was the price of his work, he said that it was 100 rix-thalers. He was offered sixty and then eighty thalers. He replied however: "Every thing that I do has, like a penny roll, its fixed tariff. I never allow haggling—I would rather serve the Duke for nothing." At length he obtained what he demanded, and was then requested to give, ere he left, a musical performance during the Duke's dinner. He consented and performed something, in which he sang an air of his own composition in his sonorous baritone voice. The Duke, still angry with him for what was considered so unreasonable a demand and the want of respect in his answer, enquired at the conclusion of the air whether it was not possible to teach a donkey to sing in the same manner. To this Beer replied:

"I am not capable of such a feat. If your Serene Highness is, you are the first Chapelmaster in the world." "You are a coarse fellow," replied the Duke. "I was that before to-day," answered Beer.

As already mentioned, the *Ursus murmurat* alone was published during Beer's life. In the second edition of it, the author offers to publish the following other works from his pen. 1. *German Moral Philosophy*; 2. *German Epigrammata*; 3. *Meditationes de huius Vitæ Vanitate*; 4. *The Stuck-up Secretary*; 5. *The highly respected Mrs Jabbergossip*; 6. *The honourable alehouse Catgut Scraper*; 7. *Atheniensem Morosophia*; 8. *Musical Discourses; Second Part*. The first part alone was published, though not till 20 years after Beer's death—as already mentioned. Added as appendix is: *The Musical War*, etc., an essay which, according to Gerber (*Altes Lexicon*, Part I, page 97) had already been published in 1701 as a separate quarto); 9. *Oratoria reformata*; 10. *Logica Scoti examinata*; 11. *The poetical Disputant*; and 12. *Schola phonologica*.

Beer's early and unexpected death probably prevented all or most of these works from being published. At any rate, I am not in a position to say which were printed, or which were not. *The Musical Discourses* (Part I), however, lie printed in octavo before me. They exhibit Beer's peculiar style and the state of musical matters at that period better than the words of anyone else could ever do. For this reason, two or three extracts will not be here unacceptable. I have changed nothing. Even the orthography is untouched.\* In the preface, Beer defends himself for so frequently introducing Latin flourishes:

"In case, however, any musician reproaches one for having thrown in so much Latin, I, on the other hand, reproach him for not having learnt that language. For it is utterly impossible to avoid disputation in these Discourses, and disquisitions without Latin are a meal without wine or salt. It has long since been settled in the schools, that to dispute without Latin does not differ from galloping without a horse."

Now to the work itself.

(To be continued.)

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

N.B.—Owing to a mistake in transmission, this article is misplaced. It ought to have immediately followed that on Antonio Salieri, at page 195.—Translator.

\* It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe that peculiarities of spelling must generally, if not always, disappear in a translation.—Translator.

## JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.  
(Concluded from page 479.)

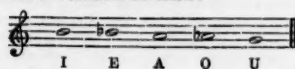
That all the sounds into which the octave can be divided should be represented by seven syllables; that one syllable should lend its name to three, and even five different sounds—*Sol*, for instance, to G, G $\sharp$ , and G $\flat$ , nay, even to GX and G $\flat$ —is theoretically an absurdity which must continually present itself to the least thoughtful student; one for which I should have sought a remedy long ago had I found it to present any considerable practical difficulty. For I have never found students who understood the construction of the scales they were using in the least puzzled by the F $\sharp$  in the key of G, or the B $\flat$  in that of F, though they called the one *Fa* and the other *Si*. On the contrary, I fear that in many cases they sang these notes, however correctly, with less consciousness that they were sharp or flat than I should have desired; and I am about to propose a mode of modifying or altering the *sol-fa* syllables, not in the belief that such modification will save the student trouble, but with the certainty that it will oblige him to think, and prove to his teacher that he is thinking.

A proposal to modify the *sol-fa* syllables is, of course, no new thing, either in respect to the movable or immovable *Do*. Accidentals are not inevitably indicative of modulation. The minor mode continually calls them into requisition, so does the chromatic genus. And it is often difficult, sometimes impossible (from a single part), to say to which of these they owe their introduction. I find no uniformity in the modifications of these syllables which are used to help students in sounding accidentals. Some teachers change every syllable to be applied to a sharpened note to *Si* (I give the average continental pronunciation\* to the vowels throughout this memorandum) to a flattened note to *La*. Others modify every syllable by changing its vowel to *I* or *A*; thus *Fa becomes *Fi*, *Do becomes *Di*; while *Si* becomes *Sa*, *Mi* becomes *Ma*, and so on. Others have suggested or adopted altogether new names for these accidental sounds. In some schools of Germany pupils are, or were, taught to sing to the letters of the alphabet, the syllable being added to the name of each sharpened note (accidental or essential), and the syllable *es* to each flattened note. The effect cannot be pleasing. Indeed, I believe the sibilant induced by it has driven it out of use.**

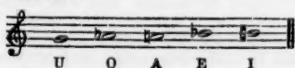
These contrivances, like all others I have known proposed, are faulty in one and the same particular; the modifications they induce in the syllables have no proportion one to another, they have no "basis in nature." Let me explain: the vowel sounds of speech are five in number, and five only:—

(Italian) I E A O U.  
(English) E A AA O OO.

Many varieties of these exist even in English, à fortiori in foreign languages; but all other (so-called) vowels are the result of modification of one, or of the blending together of more than one of these. Moreover, the order in which I have placed them is the order in which they are producible by the elongation of that portion of the "vocal mechanism" most under our control, and most open to observation. *I* is produced at the very back of the mouth, *E* in the position next to it, *A* in the next, *O* in the next, and *U* at its most forward extremity; *I* is therefore the most acute (sharpest), and *U* the most grave (flattest) of the vowels. I am not prepared to state the difference between them in musical terms, but my fancy deceives me greatly if it is not easier to sing a succession of sounds, each a semitone apart, to vowels placed in this order, than to any vocables chosen haphazard. Let this succession be tried:—



Or the same inverted:—



\* Not that approximate instances of this are wanting in English—e.g., donor, remnant, miracle, father, solvent (not solar), laughing, simile.

Be this as it may, these vowels have thus much in common with musical sounds a semitone apart, that, if not as near together as vowels or sounds can be, there are no recognized modes of expressing closer relation between either. When, in ascending, we quit *C* we reach *C $\sharp$*  or *D $\flat$* ; when we quit *I* we reach *E*, &c.

I propose, therefore, to modify the *sol-fa* syllables, not as heretofore by an arbitrary, still less a uniform and therefore inconsistent rule, but by a rule based on the natural sequence of the vowel sounds, and therefore not uniform but consistent. This modification would consist in changing the vowel of each *sol-fa* syllable to the next above it, when the note with which it is associated is raised a semitone, and to that next below, when that note is lowered a semitone. Thus *F $\sharp$*  being *Fa*, *F $\sharp$*  would be *Fe*; *B $\flat$*  being *Si*, *B $\flat$*  would be *Se*. In the following table these modifications are given, with the exception of two. In the middle row of syllables is the unaltered diatonic septenary; in the upper is the same septenary altered by sharps and in the lower by flats.

<i>Da</i> ,	<i>Ri</i> ,	<i>Fe</i> ,	<i>Sal</i> ,	<i>Le</i> .
<i>Do</i> ,	<i>Re</i> ,	<i>Mi</i> ,	<i>Fa</i> ,	<i>Sol</i> ,
<i>Du</i> ,	<i>Ra</i> ,	<i>Me</i> ,	<i>Fo</i> ,	<i>Sul</i> ,
			<i>Lo</i> ,	<i>Se</i> .

Two syllables here, *Mi* and *Si*, are left without names for the sharpened notes sung to them. They both include the sharpest vowel of the vowel series. I propose to apply to them so much of the German system to which I have alluded as to add to each the letter *s*. Thus *Mi $\sharp$*  would be *Mis*, and *Si $\sharp$*  *Sis*.

For general practical purposes this scheme would suffice, and indeed more than suffice. But it is still incomplete.

Every note is liable, though not often likely, to be doubly, as well as singly, sharpened or flattened. I propose to add to the already sharpened syllables an *s*, to the flattened an *f*. Thus *Fa $\sharp$*  would be *Fes*, and *Si $\flat$*  *Sef*. To *Mis* and *Sis* might be appended an *h*. Thus *Mi $\sharp$*  would be *Mish*, and *Si $\sharp$*  *Sish*. It need not be said that these last syllables would very rarely indeed be called into requisition. For all practical purposes, I repeat, all the syllables needed for *sol-fa*ing vocal music of the highest order may be found in the foregoing table.

The modifications here proposed of the time honoured *sol-fa* syllables would, of course, be introduced to beginners one at a time, as the necessity for each arose. When a student was first made acquainted with the scales of F or G, he would be simply told to call *B $\flat$*  no longer *Si* but *Se*, *F $\sharp$*  no longer *Fa* but *Fe*, and so on. And in doing so he would show that he was conscious of the alteration, and knew what key he was singing in.

I invite teachers to give a fair trial to the plan I have here laid before them. Though most largely applicable to, and suggested by the shortcomings of, the fixed *Do* principle, it is still applicable to the movable *Do* principle. It entails no necessity for new books or exercises, and can be used in the practice of vocal music of every kind.

J. H.

## BERLIN.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, will visit Switzerland before his return from Niederwalluf to this capital. He will make a short stay at Bayreuth, for the purpose of studying the arrangements in R. Wagner's Model Theatre. He is expected here about the middle of August.

The minor theatres are making hay, while the Royal Opera-house is closed, and the crop promises to be more than respectable. Kroll's Theater is still very well attended. Herr Fessler, from the Ducal Theatre, Gotha, has made a hit as the Count, in *Il Trovatore*. He possesses a well-trained baritone, of good quality, and is far from bad as an actor. The tenor, also, Herr Staubesandt, is exceedingly popular. At the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Offenbach's *Mme l'Archiduc* has been brought out under the title of *Mme Herzog*, Mdle Geistinger sustaining the part of Mariette to the great satisfaction of the public. The Woltersdorff Theater was opened, on the 3rd inst., for comedies, farces, and operettas, by a new manager, Herr Thomas, a low comedian.

EISENACH.—A successful performance of Bach's *Johannes-Passion* was recently given here, in aid of the funds for the Bach Memorial. The principal vocal artists were Herren von Milde, Borchers, and Mdle von Milde, from Weimar.



# RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 480.)

A few words ought to be added in explanation of an episode at first sight so strange, not to say shocking, to our modern feeling, as the one just mentioned. The illicit love between Siegmund and Sieglinde is an important—nay, vital—ingredient of the whole story, because Siegfried, the offspring of their union, must have the unmixed blood of Volsung—that is, of Wotan the God—in his veins, in order to fulfil his mission. Thus, being unable to leave out the incident altogether, Wagner, we think, has acted rightly in treating it in the simple, open, and therefore chaste, spirit of the old Northern myth itself. The law which debars blood relations from mutual passion is essentially founded on the idea of the family. Animal nature knows of no such obstacle, and all the Cosmogonies which, like the Pentateuch, derive the procreation of the human race from one couple, imply intermarriages of brothers and sisters. The tragic guilt of Sieglinde, therefore, does not lie in the love for her brother, but in the breach of her marriage vow. The punishment of this guilt is now approaching rapidly.

The second act introduces us to Brynhild, Wotan's favourite daughter, among the Valkyries. The god bids her assist his son Siegmund in the impending combat with Hunding, and she joyfully assents to his command, when suddenly Fricka's chariot, drawn by two wethers, approaches, and the Valkyrie leaves her father to abide the brunt of his wife's indignation. The following scene reminds one somewhat of the domestic quarrels of the gods in Homer, but for its higher tone of tragic pathos. Fricka bitterly complains of the injury done to her, the protectress of marriage, by Siegmund and his sister. Firmly she demands of Wotan the punishment of his children. In vain the god pleads the power of love in favour of the culprits; in vain he reminds Fricka that, only compelled by force, Sieglinde became the wife of an unloved husband. Not even the hope of the gods' own preservation founded on Siegmund is of avail against the wrath of the goddess, and at last Wotan, in bitterest grief, has to bow down to established law, and seal his own doom, by relinquishing his chosen hero. "The curse of the gold is heavy on him; he complains to Brynhild; Alberich's son, begotten without love by the enemy of love, will conquer the gods; and his own son, who alone could have averted the fate, is now to be sacrificed to Fricka's jealousy."

Brynhild, at Wotan's command, unwillingly descends to where Siegmund and Sieglinde are resting on their flight. The horn of the pursuing Hunding is heard in the distance; Sieglinde lies swooning in her brother's arms, when the shield-maiden greets the hero with the message of his approaching end, telling him at the same time that the joys of Walhall are awaiting him. But Siegmund will hear of no joy that would separate him from his love; rather than leave her he will die with her, and is on the point of piercing her unconscious bosom with his sword, when the Valkyrie, moved by the ardour of his love, promises him the victory even against the will of All-father. The ensuing battle-scene is conceived in the grandest dramatic spirit. Siegmund and Hunding rush towards each other on the height of a steep mountain nearly covered by dark thunder-clouds. In the intervals of the storm, Sieglinde's tremulous voice is heard calling for her lover. At last the two warriors meet, and Siegmund, encouraged by Brynhild's voice, is lifting his arm for a deadly stroke, when in a flash of lightning Wotan is discovered standing over Hunding, and protecting him with the spear into which the laws of the universe are cut in eternal runes. Siegmund's sword breaks on the outstretched spear, and Hunding pierces his defenceless breast—but not to enjoy his victory; for he also sinks dead to the ground before the contemptuous wave of Wotan's hand, to bring to Fricka the message of her triumph. Brynhild has lifted Sieglinde on her horse, and disappears with her amongst the clouds. But the wrath of the disobeyed god pursues her.

In vain she spurs her horse, Grane, to the utmost speed; in vain she implores the protection of her sister-Valkyries. Wotan's voice is heard nearer and nearer, nothing can shield her from his revenge. At last she resolves to save only the helpless woman

under her protection. She shows Sieglinde the way to a dense forest, there to seek shelter, and, giving her the pieces of Siegmund's sword, she bids her keep them for the child in her bosom; after which she stands firmly, though tremblingly, abiding her fate. Wotan's fury is at first boundless. He threatens to bind Brynhild in magic slumber, and lay her by the wayside unprotected, and bare of her godhood, to become the slave of the first comer. But when the maid sinks at his feet imploring his forgiveness, and appealing to the voice in his own bosom, which spoke for Siegmund, the god's wrath begins to subside. He cannot revoke his sentence, but he can and will protect his favourite child from dishonour. As he closes Brynhild's eyes with his kiss, he describes with his spear a circle round the rock where they stand, and at his summons Loge, returned to his primary form, shoots up in a mighty wall of flickering flame surrounding the bed of the sleeping maiden. Only he who dares to stride through the fire, only the best and bravest, shall possess Brynhild. Wotan's leave-taking of the Valkyrie and the breaking forth of the flames, are illustrated musically by one of those marvellous effects of graphically-decorative writing which prove Wagner's vocation as a dramatic composer quite as clearly as the higher strains of his tender or passionate imaginings.

(To be continued.)

## One at Last.\*

I met my love in spring-time,  
When all was fresh and young,  
When buds with joy were bursting,  
While sweet the skylark sung;  
New thoughts, new joys, new feelings,  
Did then the bosom move:  
It was the happy spring-time  
When first I met my love.

I met my love in summer,  
When earth was gemm'd with flowers,  
Then in unclouded brightness  
Flew on the gladsome hours;  
No broodings of to-morrow,  
No trouble, no alloy,  
There was no room for sorrow  
When hearts were full of joy.

I met my love in autumn,  
Of many-changing hue,  
And sadly marked those changes—  
Could love be changing too?  
Would he prove false and fickle?  
Change as an April day?  
Could he e'er think to leave us  
When we would have him stay?

I met my love in winter;  
The leaves were sore and dead,  
The winds awoke from slumber,  
And dark the sky o'er-head;  
But love withstood the changes,  
And cared not for the blast,  
He drew our hearts more closely,  
And made us one at last.

\* Copyright.

S. D. D.

## CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

(First London season of two months opens Saturday, September 11, at the Princess's Theatre.)

The opening opera is likely to be Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, to be followed by Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (with the additional music composed for the French version played at Paris), Cherubini's *Water Carrier (Les deux Journaliers)*, and other important works, including a new opera by Cagnoni, founded on *The Porter's Knot*. Miss Rose Hersee is engaged as *prima donna assoluta*, and the *primo baritone* is Mr Santley, who will sustain the leading character in an opera by Cagnoni. Mr Carrodus is first violin, and the orchestra includes Mr Betjemann (second), Mr Zerbin (viola), Mr Edward Howell (violin), Mr Reynolds (double bass), Mr Svendsen (flute), and other eminent artists. The *corps de ballet* is to be directed by M. Espinosa, and Mr Arthur Howell will be stage-manager.—(Communicated.)



## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The twenty-ninth season of the Covent Garden Opera came to an end on Saturday night, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. The opera selected for the occasion was Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Catherine and M. Faure as Peter. The two leading characters thus represented would alone suffice to attract the public. A more picturesque delineation of the romantic heroine, who wins the heart and subsequently becomes the wife of Peter "the Great," than that of Madame Patti has not been witnessed, and, indeed, could hardly be imagined. But we have so often dwelt upon its many remarkable traits that it would be superfluous to describe it again. Enough that Madame Patti was never more emphatically the Catherine of Catharines. Her performance was more than ever brilliant, and impressed the audience as vividly as of yore. No Peter could be better matched with such a Catherine than the Peter of that greatest of all French lyric comedians, M. Faure—a singer no less than an actor, fitted to rank with the highest. This, however, has long been unanimously recognized; and what we have said is merely the reiteration of an old story. The other characters were sustained as before; Signor Vianesi conducting the orchestra with his accustomed promptitude and skill. The royal box was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the two young Princes, Victor and George, who remained till the conclusion of the second act. The National Anthem was given at the end of the opera, the solo part being taken by Madame Patti, who, as she well deserved, was cheered with enthusiasm.

The remainder of the week was chiefly devoted to "benefit" nights, the "beneficiaires" (to employ the accepted term) being Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Madame Adelina Patti, and Mdlle Emma Albani—a trio of operatic "stars" not easy to rival, and of which Mr Gye has fair reason to be proud. The first chose *Don Giovanni*, the second *La Traviata*, the third *Faust*; and, as the Zerlina of Mdlle Thalberg, the Violetta of Mme Patti, and the Marguerite of Mdlle Albani are familiar to all opera-goers, a mere record of the fact will suffice. We reserve for a future occasion our general observations on the season—one of the most uniformly successful in the history of the Royal Italian Opera.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

With the exception of *Mignon*—one performance of which, with so poetical and charming a *Mignon* as Madame Christine Nilsson in the theatre, would at least be looked forward to—there have been only repetitions since our last reference to Mr Mapleson's theatre. We need not again discuss the merits of this opera, which many amateurs regard as the best of its composer's, and which in any case is one of the worthiest additions to the repertory of the Paris Opéra Comique, already enriched by the masterpieces of Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, Adolphe Adam, Meyerbeer, and Auber. We may say, nevertheless, that the genial and sparkling music of M. Ambroise Thomas pleased as much as ever, and the embodiment of Goethe's innocent child heroine, by Madame Nilsson, more than ever. No wonder, for nothing in its way could be more perfect. Mdlle Singelli's Filina, too, is precisely what it ought to be. The music suits her flexible voice to admiration, and with what natural vivacity she acts her part need not be said. The performance of *Don Giovanni* deserves a passing word, if only on account of the Elvira of Madame Nilsson, one of the most highly-finished assumptions to be remembered. The deserted spouse, as portrayed by this gifted artist, is always a personage of conspicuous interest. Her by-play alone, when Leporello (Herr Behrens), in "Madamina, il catalogo," tells the story of Don Giovanni's conquests, is an exhibition of mimetic art for which we have few parallels. Madame Nilsson does not stand, as is too often the case, listless and indifferent, while the unscrupulous slave of a profligate master dwells with studied contemptuousness upon her wrongs. On the contrary, she is no lay figure, but a sensitive and outraged woman, upon whom each sarcastic sentence produces its effect. Her execution of the florid air, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"—which, by the way, does not belong to the original score when *Don Giovanni* was composed for Prague—is remarkable alike for ease and dramatic significance. In short, if we speak of a "model Elvira," we can only refer to the Elvira of Mme Nilsson. About the superb Donna Anna of Mdlle

Tietjens, and her magnificent vocal declamation in the great *scena*, ending with the "bravura," "Or sai che l'indigno," there is nothing to be added to what has been written over and over again. How she was applauded may well be understood. Mdlle Varesi, by her Zerlina, has added another to her successes. The Don Giovanni was Signor de Reschi; Signor Gillandi played Don Ottavio, retaining, as every Don Ottavio should retain, the melodious soliloquy, "Dalla sua pace;" Signor Zoboli was a good Masetto, and Signor Costa, an excellent Commendatore. That the overture and all the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, may be taken for granted.

On Saturday night the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was repeated, with Mdlle Chapuy as Rosina, the reception of the clever French singer being even warmer than before. In the Lesson Scene, besides the "Arragonaise," from *Le Domino Noir*, she interpolated the waltz from M. Gounod's *Mireille*, which last she was compelled to repeat. This lady is an unquestionably valuable acquisition to Mr Mapleson's company. Extra performances have been given during the current week:—the *Huguenots*—with Madame Nilsson as Valentine for the only time this season (Monday night); *Lucrezia Borgia*—for the "benefit" of Mdlle Tietjens (Tuesday night); *Lohengrin*—eighth time (Wednesday); *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle Varesi (Thursday); and the *Nozze di Figaro*—with Mdlle Anna de Belocca as Cherubino (Friday). The last performance of the season is to be given this evening, the opera selected being *Lohengrin*.

## QUE NE SUIS-JE LA FLEUR \*

## MÉLODIE.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui croît au bord de l'onde  
Et ne souffrit jamais des feux brûlants du jour,  
Que le courant rapide emporte loin du monde  
Dans un autre séjour.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît sur la montagne  
Et ne doit respirer que l'air vivifiant;  
Se tenant près du ciel et que l'aigle accompagne  
D'un vol édifiant.

Que ne suis-je la fleur du rocher solitaire,  
Au milieu de la mer toujours battu des flots,  
Chemin inaccessible aux enfants de la terre  
Et même aux matelots.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de toute solitude,  
Pour naître et pour mourir sous le regard de Dieu  
Après avoir vécu, loin de la multitude,  
Dans un modeste lieu.

Que ne suis-je la fleur inconnue, ignorée,  
Dont la beauté se donne aux sables du désert,  
Dont tout parfum se livre à la brise éplorée  
Dans le sol entr'ouvert.

Que ne suis-je la fleur au fond du précipice—  
Où jamais le courroux de tous les éléments  
Ne peut déraciner; à l'abri du caprice,  
Des brusques mouvements.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de la forêt immense  
Où l'arbre toujours vert tempère les rayons  
D'un splendide soleil, quand le jour recommence,  
Que sous lui nous ployons.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît au fond des mers,  
Antres mystérieux, où la vague en furie  
Ne peut avoir accès, où jamais les hivers  
Portent l'intempérie.

J. F.

\* Copyright.

WIESBADEN.—A short time since, Herr Theodor Wachtel signed an engagement with Herr Neuendorff, manager of the Stadt-und Germania Theater, New York, agreeing to sing in that city from the 1st October next, to the 15th June, 1876, as well as in Philadelphia during the Grand International Exhibition. He is to receive half the gross nightly receipts, and will first appear at the Academy of Music, which holds 5,000 spectators, and, when full, produces 9,000 dollars. Herr Emil Drenker, the theatrical agent here, who arranged the terms of this engagement, is also charged with the task of forming an operatic company to sing with Herr Wachtel.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES MOTTLE PINK.—The last published Sonata of Beethoven was the C minor (Op. 111).

DR HEDGE.—The best authorities are Sir Suppinabeles and Mr Cunningham Boosey. The "Lay" about King Mark was composed by Sir Dinadam.

DR SMOOD.—No. Schubert was in his 31st year when he died, Mozart in his 37th, and Mendelssohn in his 39th. With reference to Steibelt Dr Smood is all abroad.

## NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

## The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

## MEYERBEER.

WE merely call attention to an autograph (*fac-simile*) letter from this celebrated composer, which will be found in another page. It contains nothing of artistic moment; but the fact of its being Meyerbeer's will suffice to interest all our readers.

In next number a letter from the late M. W. Balfé will appear, under similar conditions; in the number following, one from Hector Berlioz—and so on.

## The Tri-logical Tetralogy at Bayreuth.

THE rehearsals of Wagner's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* have at length begun in earnest. Herr Unger, the tenor selected as the temporary representative of Siegfried, has been here for some time studying his part. Herr Albert Niemann, Mesdres Friederike Grün, and Friedrich-Materna will have arrived before these lines appear in print. Herr Brandt, the celebrated stage machinist, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is busily engaged putting up the machinery. The musicians will not arrive until wanted for the general orchestral rehearsals, which are fixed for the beginning of August. Those gentlemen will receive a daily sum of 5 florins. Some of the inhabitants lodge them gratuitously, in return for the privilege of attending, in due time, the grand general rehearsals, on the same moderate terms. A matter of great moment was settled a short time since. This was the weighty subject of costume. Professor Döpler, of Berlin, brought the principal sketches—the *Figurinen*, as they are termed—executed in colour, for all the characters in the four musical dramas. Wagner was delighted with the manner in which his poetical conceptions have been carried out; for the task was one beset with difficulty. The glittering forms of the Rhine Nymphs, in their long, flowing garments, with the reeds, water-lilies, and other strange productions of the mysterious river-depths, surround the Walkyres, with their winged helmets, whence their blonde locks flow down, and their formidable equipment. Then, too, we have Wotan, armed *cap-à-pié*, with his runic spear, and, under his armour, a blue mantle, allegorically representing the canopy of heaven; Siegfried, the young hero; and Alberich, the odious dwarf. All are in especially

characteristic costumes, of which, so to speak, every inch and every touch are scrupulously exact. Wagner may esteem himself fortunate in meeting with such an interpreter of the creatures of his imagination. Besides supplying the sketches, Döpler will himself see that they are truthfully carried out. The greater part will be made in Berlin. A small number, however, will be prepared at Meiningen, where, thanks to the Duke's taste, ingenious *costumiers* abound, especially for the imitation of antique weapons, metal vessels, and ornaments. But there is a question apart—namely, that of lodging some 2,000 visitors, exclusive of those professionally engaged, expected next year. Bayreuth is not a large town, and just now would experience considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for such an addition to its regular population. It has, therefore, been proposed to erect a grand hotel, at the estimated cost of 220,000 florins, or £22,000. The Corporation have offered to subscribe one-half of this sum; and, if the remainder can be raised in shares, or even only guaranteed, building operations will commence immediately. The Bayreuth Palaces are to be prepared for Princely visitors. *Gifford Scoop.*

Bayreuth, July 16.

## DR HANSLICK ON THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

IN the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*, Dr Edward Hanslick, the celebrated Austrian critic, gives a bright and animated description of that absurdly pompous monstrosity, the new Grand Operahouse in Paris. We quote the first half of his letter—reserving the continuation till our next issue:—

I have reserved to the last my opinion of the Grand Opera. I wanted to wait until I was a little less dazzled by its magnificence and a little more edified by its performances. I found, however, small inducements to visit it often. You might live five months in Paris, and yet see, in exactly five evenings, the entire repertory of the New Operahouse. Since it was opened on the 5th January, 1875 (the anniversary of the bombardment of Paris), only five operas have been produced: *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and, to wind up the list, *Les Huguenots*. Independent ballets, filling the entire evening, are no longer given, but Donizetti's *Favorite*, on account of its shortness, has often two acts of an old ballet, *La Source*, tacked to it. The "majestic slowness" which, from time immemorial, always distinguished the Paris Grand Opera, like some indelible characteristic, or like a kind of priestly consecration, is now greater than ever, thanks to the necessity of new scenery. Our own Imperial Operahouse in Vienna produced, during the first five months of its existence, three times as many operas as the Grand Operahouse, Paris, in the same period, and that, too, with a company employed (alternately in the old and new house) every day. There are only four performances a week at the Paris Operahouse, three of them being included in the subscription. That the management does not make up its mind to give at least a fifth, is something surprising, as the public flock in an extraordinary manner to the performances, and every place is taken a week in advance. But those who purchase a box or a stall are guaranteed only a particular evening, and not a particular opera. It is the new house and not the performance which, for the present, attracts all attention. Let M. Halanzier give what he chooses, his theatre, provided there is some brilliantly lighted music between the acts, will be filled to the ceiling—golden days for a manager. A regular take of 19,000 francs, which rises, when the subscription list is suspended, to 21 or 22,000; and, in addition to this, an annual State grant of nearly a million! With the opening of the new house, however, the French Government adopted the sensible plan of regulating this grant according to a sliding scale; the grant is cut down immediately the receipts exceed a certain sum.

The architecture of the new Operahouse, and the mode in which the edifice has been decorated inside with frescoes, statues, and mosaics, has often been described at length. A description of all this may the more properly be omitted here, as I am not competent to speak authoritatively on such matters, and can do no

more than record the impression made on myself individually. The new theatre is a magnificent structure, of which the Parisians have just cause to be proud. It was fourteen years building, or double the time required for the erection of the Vienna Operahouse. The brilliancy of the internal arrangements eclipses the effect of the edifice itself, the principal front of which appears rather crushed and pinched up, though the repeated contemplation of it continually reveals fresh beauties. The only objects that struck me as objectionable were the two gigantic golden geni on the attica, each of which raises one arm and both wings perpendicularly towards the sky; and, with its outlines, totally deficient in repose, and visible from a great distance, pursues the spectator in all directions. Directly he enters, the visitor is struck by one of the principal beauties of the new theatre: the large dimensions of all the localities attached to the auditorium, among them being the spacious grand vestibule, with the statues, in a sitting posture, of celebrated composers; the imposing crush room, supported on columns; and the entrance to the pay-places, where the attendants, decked out in massy official chains, preside with the dignity of judges over all who come in or go out. As with us in Vienna, the magnificent staircase, with its broad flights of steps, constitutes the gem of the building, and after this comes the *foyer*, or saloon. The latter is far larger and more brilliant than the one in Vienna, and so lofty that the visitor dislocates his neck in the vain attempt to make out, on the ceiling painted by Baudry, the connection between the various figures tumbling and sprawling over each other. You fancy you will be blinded by the walls streaming with gold, the chandeliers sparkling with their hundred lights, and the gigantic mirrors, which indefinitely reflect all the gorgeousness of the confused mass. Cloyed with this glittering magnificence, you turn from the grand saloon into the *Avant-Foyer*. The walls of this are decorated with mythological pictures executed in costly mosaic; it seems as though a piece of the Byzantine splendour of St Mark's had been mislaid and found its way here. Mosaic is the special fancy of Garnier, the architect of the theatre. He was obliged to send for workmen from Venice, as there were none in Paris who understood this branch of art. Though marvellously carried out, these mosaics strike one in their present situation as a motiveless improvisation. Indeed, the whole, generally, is, to my taste, too luxurious, too heavy with gold, and, in a word, too loud in colour, especially for a theatre, in which the accessory portions, though beautiful and convenient, should not be the principal consideration, and attract everyone's entire attention. Such decoration strikes me as greatly overstepping the limits of artistic beauty, and as suggesting the swagger of the spendthrift. We think first of the millionaire and only afterwards of the artist. The staircase of the Vienna Operahouse, with its white marble and fine architectural proportions, and our *foyer*, with its cheerful elegance, and its highly poetical frescoes, are not so dazzling in their effect, but they are more stately and noble. The mural paintings of our never-to-be-forgotten Schwind illustrate well-known scenes from the most celebrated operas which have made their mark in Vienna. It is something of this kind, something historical, which I grievously miss in the pictorial decoration of the Paris Operahouse. Mythology, nothing save mythology, reigns there. From the Muses (reduced to eight because funds for the ninth were forgotten) to the large ceiling-pictures of "Harmony and Melody" "Apollo's Victory over Marsyas," etc., naught but allegorical and mythological figures! There would have been plenty of room left for these, even if one hall, or one saloon, had been devoted to the great and important persons and events in whom and in which the history of French opera is richer than any other. Heavy magnificence, bristling with gold, characterises, also, the auditorium, especially the proscenium and the stage-boxes. Such a number of massive gold reliefs, gold lyres, gold trumpet-blowing geni, etc., produces an effect which oppresses the spectator, while it diverts his attention. Much of this, may, though in time, be diminished, partly from the force of habit among the public, and partly by the gradual softening down of all the glitter itself.

Dr Hanslick has been staying for some time in Paris, and his correspondence to the *Presse* (like all he writes) is well worth perusal.

### Christine Nilsson's Concert.

At a meeting of the committee, on Tuesday, July 16th, held at the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, 8, Broad Sanctuary, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, that the best thanks of the committee be given to Madame Christine Nilsson for her generous exertions in favour of the Westminster Nurses Training School and Home, and that His Grace the Duke of Westminster, as the chairman of the committee, be requested, in acknowledging her cheque for £960 17s. 6d., to convey this expression of their gratitude."

June 23rd.

"Westminster."

### CHRISTINE NILSSON'S VALENTINE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Although Mdle Tietjens has a sort of property in the rôle of Valentine (*Les Huguenots*), at Her Majesty's Opera, it has been the custom for a year or two past to put forward Madame Nilsson as an occasional representative of the hapless heroine. This was done again on Monday night, and, as usual, excited a great deal of interest among those who have marked the various stages of Madame Nilsson's progress as what is technically called a dramatic soprano. For reasons obvious enough, the part of Valentine has come to be regarded as the touchstone of aspirants to a certain position on the lyric stage. During many seasons Mdle Tietjens, at the one house, and Madame Lucca at the other, held it as their own, unchallenged by rivals, since when, however, Madame Patti has added it to her varied *répertoire*, Madame Nilsson following in her steps. Why not? It is wholly a mistake to suppose that Valentine must needs have a representative of the robust school, for though one act makes great demands upon the artist's powers of endurance, they are not more, as we have often seen, than a woman of average, nay slight *physique*, can satisfy. Anyhow, we are glad to have experience now and then of the Valentine of Madame Patti, and not less pleased when, as on Monday night, we once more meet with that of Madame Nilsson. Respecting the general performances of *Les Huguenots* there is little need to speak at length. It was not a good performance, but rather one of those haphazard affairs to which Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* seems condemned, in consequence, perhaps, of its own unmanageable greatness. The star of the occasion—need it be said?—was Madame Nilsson, and she shone brilliantly enough to make up for whatever was deficient in the light of others. At no previous time has the Swedish artist so well asserted her genius, or her claim to assume the character of Meyerbeer's heroine. The embodiment stood forward definite as to conception, clear as to outline, and as to details most skilfully elaborate. During the scene of the conspiracy, every facial expression and movement was a study, revealing careful thought, with strict subordination to the general idea of the part. Madame Nilsson's Valentine is naturally gentle and affectionate, ill-fitted to move amid the scenes of a St Bartholomew; but firm as a rock and bold as a lioness when love controls the springs of action. The change, therefore, from the shrinking witness of the plot to the resolute heroine of the great scene with Raoul was most marked and impressive; while throughout the whole of that splendid *finale* Madame Nilsson showed consummate judgment and sense of climax. Abandoning herself, apparently, to the natural emotions of the situation, she never forgot the highest art, and it was almost with a sense of relief to strained nerves and over-excited feelings that the audience saw the curtain fall. A nobler performance—we say it emphatically—the lyric stage rarely shows. As Madame Nilsson sang not less well than she acted, it may be imagined how profuse were the audience in marks of sympathy and admiration. Call after call, amid ringing cheers from every part of the house, asserted the artist's triumph to be one of no ordinary character, as indeed it was. With the laurel of this great success upon her brow, Madame Nilsson, though she plays twice more in *Lohengrin*, took a formal farewell till next year.

MDLE ALBANI left London at the end of the season, in order to fulfil a five weeks' engagement at Venice. She returns to England for the Norwich Festival in September, after which she joins the *troupe* of Sir J. Benedict, who intends to have an opera season in the provinces, lasting until Christmas.



## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The opera concerts at the Albert Hall, which have been among the leading incidents of the now waning musical season, came to an end on Saturday afternoon last, and, like its predecessors, was entirely supported by the artists of Mr Mapleson's company. The first section of the programme had the independent distinction of being wholly confined to *morceaux* from *Lohengrin*, and though nothing of an operatic kind so ill bears transference from the stage to the concert-room as a work of this peculiar school, the specimens given were listened to, it may be presumed, with a natural deference by those who had not visited the theatre, and probably with a special interest, as being exemplifications of the new forms of dramatic music, which are to prevail in future—if the creed of Wagner is adopted. The extracts were the best, no doubt, that could have been chosen, and they could not possibly have been heard under more favourable circumstances, for, with but one exception, they were executed by the same principals who have been concerned in the work at Her Majesty's Opera—the same chorus singers and the same instrumentalists; and our readers well know with what exemplary perfection these various artists executed their superlatively difficult task upon the stage, and, consequently, how satisfactory would their efforts necessarily be in the Albert Hall. The selection consisted of the solo and chorus when *Lohengrin* comes in his boat drawn by the swan, and the effective quintet, "O sommo dio," from the first act; the duet between Ortrud and Elsa, and the chorus of nobles and retainers, from the second act; and the Bridal Chorus from the third. Little need is there to say how efficiently these several pieces were rendered. Mme Tietjens, Signor Campanini, Signor Galassi, and Herr Behrens resumed, so to speak, their original characters, the only change being in that of Elsa, in which Madame Christine Nilsson was superseded by Mdle Pernini, and it may be added with no material disadvantage to the general result. The *finale* to the first act was placed at the close of the selection, as being, probably, from its breadth and effectiveness, a more suitable climax to what had gone before than either of the other *finales*. The chorus singers discharged their multiplex and intractable duties with a precision and vigour that cannot be too highly praised; and the instrumentalists, too, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cousins, were entitled to a similar measure of approbation, for their close and masterly playing throughout, and notably of the introductions to the first and third acts—evinced an excellence, as in the case of the chorus singers, that could only come from the most intimate acquaintance with the strange and untoward characteristics of the music. This passing taste of *Lohengrin* gave, no doubt, some pleasure to the large and gaily dressed company assembled to hear it; but it could not but be observed that it touched but few sympathies, and that what applause was vouchsafed was reserved chiefly for the end, though what proportion of it was intended for the singers, and what for the music, must forever remain unknown quantities. The second part of the programme awakened a more visible interest, much of it dealt with matters by no means cast in the Wagner mould. Madame Christine Nilsson, who had not before appeared, released the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience by her admirable execution of Verdi's "Tacea la notte," and, subsequently, "Voi che sapete," in the former of which she was loudly encored, as was also the case in the inevitable and never-failing "Teco il serba," from *Il Talismano*, which she sang with Signor Campanini. Her great contemporary, Mdle Tietjens, was called and recalled after her splendid performance of the waltz of Arditri; and in the course of the morning the accomplished Mdle Varesi, who has now so deservedly become one of the public's best favourites, sang the bolero from the *Vespi Giccolani* with her usual attractive skill. That the goatherd's song from *Dimorah* should be given by Mdle Trebelli-Bettini in a way that might fairly be termed faultless, would, doubtless, be conceded by every one who had the privilege of hearing her. No indistinct success, on the other hand, befell Signor Fancelli in Flotow's "M'appari," which he rendered with such remarkable taste and expression, with such unexpected excellence, in short, as to exact a determined mandate of repetition; and in the same sentence may be placed Signor Gillandi, in whose hands Mozart's effeminate *aria*, "Il mio tesoro," fared something more than prettily. Signor Catalani and Signor Castelmari were likewise in the programme, the one sing-

ing "Largo al factotum," the other the *aria* from *La Juive*, "Sa il rigor." The contributions of the orchestra to the miscellaneous act were Nicolai's overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. D. W. H.

## BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent).

We are now at the very antipodes of the season; yet this queen of watering-places is tolerably well filled with people, but not with the people; for though Brighton has two or three periods of the year when different classes of individuals resort to it, there is but one period which is styled the season. Consequently I have but little to report that will interest the readers of the *Musical World*. Those very clever mimics and expositors of some of the things needing to be held up to ridicule—the Wardropers—are here. The concerts at the Aquarium draw good audiences, and there is at present a singer of whom, if you have not already heard, you will doubtless hear in the course of the autumn. The *conoscenti* in this town speak loudly of the beauty and the freshness of her voice, her fine execution, and her musicianly skill, which is said to be a *merveille*. It is Miss Catherine Penna, and it is said that she has just come from the sunny south. But it must be something different from blue sky and clear atmosphere that makes a musician or a singer: it must be natural aptitude and good training, else all students from Italy would be artists. The air does not make a vocalist any more than good pens make a good writer. This reminds me of an anecdote almost good enough to belong to the category "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*." I can vouch for its truth. A director of a public company, possessed of a clerk whose writing resembled "copper-plate," was looking over the ledger kept by the skilful individual, and, being wonderfully struck by the beauty of the writing, said, "Pray, Mr — what pens do you use?" "Why, Sir," was the reply, "they are some I buy in Bermondsey, ten a penny." "Oh, indeed!—as it would be very inconvenient to me just now to go to Bermondsey, would you kindly give me a few of them?"

Leaving this digression, I ought to say that, having heard Miss Catherine Penna, I can fully endorse what the people say, and am of opinion that she is indebted less to climate than to natural aptitude for the unquestionable gifts that she possesses. Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict have heard her, and, I have been given to understand, have both pronounced a very high estimate of her abilities.

We are looking forward here for the summer, which is very late in coming, or, if come, has very soon departed. Bathing-machine proprietors are not doing well; and boatmen stand about with their hands lost in the depths of their large trouser-pockets, and if asked why they stand idle, would, I am persuaded, plead an answer very well known—"Because no man hath hired us." Nor, if this weather continue, is it very likely that they will have a prosperous season. People seem to prefer brisk walking, and, in some cases, a seat at the fireside with a novel in their hand, to water enjoyment, though it is the middle of July. One gentleman, wrapped in his great coat, a day or two since met a friend, and, to be relieved of a doubt he had in his mind, said—"Is this last winter or next winter?" "It's neither one nor the other," replied the friend, "it's this winter."

During my stay here I hope to be able to find topics for writing about more acceptable than that of the weather, and my only excuse for introducing the subject now is its seemingly perverse conduct: otherwise I fancy you would exclaim—"I've heard speak of the weather before." If, however, its perversity extend itself to the other side of the globe, and in consequence, or even in despite of it, induce a certain lady there, known as the "Empress of the Keys," to return from those regions, and to let us once more hear those *perfect strings of pearly-sounds*, the remembrance of which still hangs upon the sensitive ear like a "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever," I shall smile again, plunge into the "cold, cold sea" with delight, and make an inward vow (or "wow" as my German friend will persistently call it) never to object to the frolics of the weather again. A. B.

Old Ship Hotel, 14th July.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mad. Mallinger has appeared at the Stadttheater as Rosa, in *Der Verschwenner*.



## MUSICAL PRECOCITY.\*

(Continued from page 471.)

The above cases of precocity are scarcely a tenth of those with which we have met in our studies, and which we might have cited. And who knows how many we have missed? How many, too, were missed by the historians and the writers whom we have consulted?†

Having established thus much, the conclusion to which we come is that: taken one by one, the cases of which we are treating cannot fail to excite our wonder, but that, when studied in history where we come across them at every page, and where they are nearly continuous, our wonder entirely ceases, and it does so to make way for a very different feeling.

With history in hand, then, what really surprises us is not the abundance and excellence of the natural tendencies, nor their precocious development, but the fact of their bearing such mediocre and meagre fruit, and of their finally resulting nearly always in nothing.

This is a most appropriate place for observing that anyone who studies the history of music is struck no less frequently and no less strongly by cases of an opposite kind, namely, cases in which he finds musicians, not simply capable and enjoying a fair reputation, but illustrious and truly great, princes of art, and, as they are called, geniuses, whose gifts and natural aptitude remained as though latent, all through their childhood and youth, and even longer.

Grétry, for instance, now considered one of the fathers of French comic opera, and whose works, *Richard*, *Zémire et Azor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, are universally esteemed masterpieces, entered as a boy the choir of the cathedral at Liège, and was sent away almost immediately, as possessing no aptitude for the study of music. When he entered Casali's school at Rome, some years afterwards, the same sentence was again pronounced on him.

A sentence in no way differing from this was that uttered by Rey on another prince of French comic opera, Berton, composer of *Aline*, *Françoise de Poix*, and *Montano et Stéphanie*.

Of Pietro Guglielmi (the father), when he was a pupil at the Conservatory of the Madonna di Loretto at Naples, it was said for some time by his fellow-students, and occasionally by some of his masters as well, that he had the ears of an ass! Yet Pietro Guglielmi, author of a hundred operas, of which forty, or more, were highly popular, was the competitor and emulator of Paisiello and Cimarosa.

In Beethoven, as a pupil and a boy, no sign or indication of natural aptitude at all unusual was perceived by Van der Eden, Neefe, Haydn, Salieri, or Albrechtsberger.

Besides Bérésowsky and Onslow, each of whom gained for himself a celebrated name, Rameau, Handel, and Gluck were slow in developing their talent. They were not the grand artists and composers whom we now so much admire until the appearance of works which they wrote at a mature age, Rameau, when he was forty-nine; Handel, when he was forty; and Gluck, when he was fifty-seven.

How shall we explain these anomalies and results, so contrary to all promises and expectations?

In our opinion (but we are ready to retract if proved to be wrong), they can be explained only in one manner, which is by putting forward the fact that, in order to judge a person's natural gifts and aptitude for music, we start, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from an erroneous and superlatively false principle.

By the public (and as to the public, they are not so much to blame), by musicians, and even by teachers, by directors of Conservatories and schools, attention is paid only to the material and

mechanical part of art. Of the other elements, which we will call æsthetic, people do not even speak.

To cultivate the art of music we all agree in considering that a good ear; a proper appreciation of rhythm; a quick and tenacious memory; and, according to the particular case, active hands, or a robust, well-sounding voice of extensive compass, are absolutely necessary qualities, and that, without them, no one can become anything, no matter what he may do, or how he may study.

But, when this has been said, recognized, and admitted, we must further say, recognize, and admit that all the above qualities put together do not possess the slightest artistic value unless they are accompanied, fertilized, and rendered valuable by the æsthetic faculties; by a noble and elevated mind; by a lively and just sentiment of the Beautiful; by warmth of feeling; by a fervid imagination; and by a fondness for poetry.

From our not noticing how different is the nature of the mechanical from that of the æsthetic faculties, and from our not troubling ourselves about the latter, while we foster the former, there results the exceedingly frequent appearance of precocious children, and, notwithstanding this, the continually increasing infertility of the schools; the scarcity, likewise continually on the increase, of real artists, and the crowd, so numerous and compact, so restless, so hurtful to art, and yet deserving our pity, of the unsuccessful, the mediocre, and the incapable.

We have gone through the twenty or thirty plans put forth, these last few years, for the re-organization and reform of our Conservatories, but we have never found a word nor a hint referring to the necessity of distinguishing one kind of aptitude from another. When their ear, their memory, their hands, and their voice have been tried, the candidates are admitted without more ado.

To convince ourselves of the artistic worthlessness of mechanical aptitude, when, as we have already said, it is alone, we need merely observe that it may very well be found, and that it actually is found—as proved by countless examples—in persons who are really born antagonistic to the muses; persons who do not feel, who do not understand, and who do not like either music or any other fine art—and that it may be, and is, found in persons devoid of the most common and vulgar mental gifts, and even, we are inclined to say, in idiots and cretins; such was the case with the Boy Tom, who was blind into the bargain, and who, some few years ago, created such a sensation in Paris, London, and the principal cities of America.\*

There is, too, this fact to be added: in everything relating to musical mechanism, persons of mediocre and vulgar minds make frequently great and rapid progress, of which their masters are often as proud as they are. But, on observing closely, we find that all this great progress is due to the fact that their attention is not diverted by their own feelings and ideas, that they are not pre-occupied by inward aspirations, and that they feel always most certain of and contented with themselves, because they do not see and do not measure the height of art.

With persons possessing minds endowed with æsthetic faculties, things often take an opposite course. Such persons perceive the height of art; they feel its nobleness; they are perpetually agitated and moved by the visions of the imagination and of the heart; by the tumult of ideas and aspirations; they endeavour, not to copy or imitate, but to make evident, to bring out, and to render in notes what they feel within their own breast. It is easy to understand that, with such a state of things, purely mechanical processes are found to be tiresome, nay, sometimes insupportable or even odious.

To this and this alone must be attributed, according to our view of the subject, the cases of tardy development cited above.

G. A. BIAGGI.

\* From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*.

† If we consider the question carefully, we shall find that the abominable traffic in boys from Calabria and the Abruzzi, which, during recent times, so moved the civilized world, and is now said to have ceased, had, as its starting point, the precocious development of the musical faculties. The poor boys knew nothing of music or of anything else; but they possessed ears; they tuned their rude instruments most admirably; their fingers displayed great agility; they duly observed measure and rhythm; and, when they sang, they sang in tune, and phrased agreeably.

\* The Boy Tom, there is no doubt, after hearing a cabaletta, a polka, or a mazurka only once, could repeat it without making a mistake in a single note, either of the melody or of the accompaniment. But the instinct of imitating and repeating all he heard was in him so powerful, while his reason was so limited and weak that, for instance, it was utterly impossible to make him comprehend that, in theatres and concert-rooms, though he was to repeat the music played over to him, he was not to repeat the applause with which the public rewarded him after he had done so. This he could never understand. No sooner had he left off playing, than he arose from the piano, clapping his hands, stamping, and shouting: "Bravo," like the public.

"CANTILENA ROLANDI," "CHANSON ROLAND,"  
"ROLAND'S SONG."

One of the most celebrated songs recounting the glorious exploits of an ancient hero, and which maintained its popularity for a lengthened period, namely, during the time of Charles the Great, and long after his death was the so-called "Roland's Song," "Chanson Roland," "Cantilena Rolandi."

It is not exactly known who Roland was, because his narrative was often selected as a subject for poets of his epoch and mixed up with so many fables, that we are not able to separate the fiction from the truth. But this much we know of him, that he was a valiant hero, one of Charlemagne's captains, and renowned for his warlike exploits. This is confirmed by many historical circumstances of which we entertain no doubt. The song we give an account of was made upon this hero when he, with his companions in arms, were slain in the valleys of Ronceval. Many are of opinion that Charlemagne was himself the composer of this song; but, whoever it may have been, of this we are assured, that this song was a favourite with many nations and supplanted all others which were sung at that epoch; like the "Marseillaise," at a later period, in France.

The Roland's song stood in such high estimation, that it was considered one of the greatest honours if a warrior were chosen to sing it before an army previous to the commencement of the battle. Du Conge, in his "Glossarium med. et inf. Latinit. voc Cantilena Rolandi," gives us the following citations. The first is taken from an old romance by Wace, named "Rou d'Angleterre," from which we learn that a "Nobleman of Normandy, Taillefer," sang this song with such force and energy at the battle of Hastings, that he created a general impression and an enthusiasm throughout the whole army, and William the Conqueror, as a reward for his spirited performance, honoured him with permission to make the first attack upon the enemy. The following is the description in French verse:—

Taillefer qui moult bien chantoit,	De l'Allemangue et de Rollant,
Sus un cheval qui tost aloit,	Et d'Olivier, et de Vassaux,
Devant eux alloit chantant,	Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

The second citation is from William of Malmesbury's "De gestis regum Anglorum," and is as follows:—

Tunc Cantilena Rolandi inchoata, ut Martium viri exemplum pugnatore accenderet, inclamatione Dei auxilium, praelium consertum, bellatumque acriter. Lib. 3, at annum 1066.

The next citation of Du Conge, taken from Hector Boethius "Hist. Scotor." Lib. 15, will show how long the Song of Roland has been popular.

King John of France, who was unfortunate in war, and made a prisoner at Poitiers, in 1356, reproached his soldiers for singing the song, as there were no Rolands in existence. One of his soldiers gave him this spirited answer: "If there were only a Charlemagne upon the throne, there would be no lack of Rolands to fight his battles." The Latin text is as follows:—

"Soanni Francorum Regi conquerenti, nullus modo se Rolandos out Gavinos reperire, unos ex majoribus cajus aliquando virtus in juvenia clamerat, respondit: non defuturos Rolandos, si at sint Caroli."

Notwithstanding Roland's Song was sung until the middle of the 14th century, as we have shown, it has not been preserved to the present time. The Marquis de Paulmy has discovered relics of it in some old romances, which he has collected and embellished, and also composed new strophes, imitating the style in which they were written, and has presented us with such a beautiful piece of poetry, that, should the ancient Roland Song have resembled his, we cannot be astonished at the enormous effect it created at that time. Count Tressau, another nobleman, also searched for some remains of this song, but not the least trace could he meet with. He thought that, perhaps, he might get some information from the peasantry in the Pyrenean Mountains, as Roland must have died there—so Turpin relates, in his mythical accounts of him. However, the Song of Roland has been composed after his death, to memorize his grand deeds, and has been sung by soldiers all over Europe, so that we cannot find any reason why this song should have been preserved longer on the Pyrenean mountains than anywhere else. But Count Tressau declares that he received some remnants of this song from the Marquis Viviers Lansac, which family held estates in the Pyrenean

Mountains over 600 years. A portion of the original song, which was sung by the mountaineers, and translated into modern French, is as follows:—

O Roland! honneur de la France,  
Qui par toi mon bras soit vainquer!  
Dirige le fer de ma lance  
A percer le front, ou le cœur  
Du fier ennemi qui s'avance.

Que son sang coulant a grand flots  
De ces flancs, ou de sa visiere,  
Bouillonne encore sur sa poussiere,  
En baignant les pieds des chevaux.

These fragments may be considered very beautiful, but they are only relics from which the Marquis de Paulmy has formed his more recent Song of Roland. His poetry is in reality sublime, and we doubt whether the old and lost one could have been more effective, more powerful, or more instructive to the soldier. We give it to its fullest extent. The melody is very fine, and conveys to us the superiority of the ballad-music of the fourteenth century, but we are unable to name the composer notwithstanding our minutest researches.\*

CHANSON ROLAND.

Soldats François, chanton Roland,  
De son pays il fut la Gloire,  
Le nom d'un Guerrier si vaillant  
Est le signal de la victoire,  
Roland étant petit Garçon,  
Faisoit souvent pleurer sa mere:  
Il étoit vif et polisson—  
Tant mieux disoit Monsieur son père—  
A la force il joint la valeur,  
Nous en feront un militaire.  
Mauvais tête avec bon cœur,  
C'est pour réussir à la guerre.

Soldats François, &c.

Le père pensoit justement,  
Cas dès que Roland fut en age,  
On vit avec étonnement  
Briller sa force et son courage;  
Perçant escadrons, bataillons,  
Renversant tout dans la mêlée,  
Il faisoit tourner les talons,  
Lui tout seul a tout une armée.

Soldats François, &c.

Dans le combat particulier,  
Il n'étoit pas moins redoutable,  
Qu'on fut geant, qu'on fut forciere,  
Que l'on fut monstre, ou que l'on fut  
Rien jamais n'arretoit son bras [diable].  
Il se battoit toujours sans crainte,  
Et s'il ne donnoit le trepas,  
Il portoit quelque rude atteinte.

Soldats François, &c.

Quand il falloit donner l'assaut,  
Lui même il appliquoit l'échelle;  
Il étoit le premier en haut,  
Amis, prenez le pour modèle.  
Il passoit la nuit au bivac,  
L'esprit gaillard, l'ame contente;  
On dormoit sous un avresac,  
Mieux qu'un général sous sa tente.

Soldats François, &c.

Pour l'ennemi qui resistoit  
Reservant toute son audace,  
A celui qui se soumettoit  
Il accordoit toujours sa grace.  
L'humanité dans son grand cœur  
Renaissait, après la victoire;  
Et le soir même le vainqueur  
A vaincu proposoit à boire.

Soldats François, &c.

Quant on lui demandoit pourquoi  
Les François étoient en campagne,

Il reponoit de bon foi,  
C'est par l'ordre de Charlemagne  
Ses ministres, ses favoris  
Ont raisonné sur cette affaire;  
Pour nous, battons ses ennemis,  
C'est ce que nous avons à faire,  
Soldats François, &c.

Roland vivoit en bon Chretien,  
Il entendoit souvent la messe,  
Donnoit aux pauvres de son bien  
Et même il alloit au confession;  
Mais de son confesseur Turpin  
Il tenoit que c'est œuvre pie  
De battre, et de mener grand train  
Les ennemis de sa patrie.

Soldats François, &c.

Roland à la table étoit charmant,  
Buvoit du vin avec délice  
Mais il en usoit sobrement  
Les jours de garde et d'exercice;  
Pour le service il observoit  
De conserver sa tête entiere,  
Ne buvant que quand il n'avoit  
Ce jour-là rien mieux à faire.

Soldats François, &c.

Il corrigeoit avec rigueur  
Tous ceux qui lui cherchoient querelle,  
Bon camerade, ami fidèle:  
L'ennemie seul dans les combats  
Trembloit, voyant briller sa lance,  
Et pour le dernier des Soldats  
Il se seroit mis dans la flamme.

Soldats François, &c.

Roland aimoit le cotillon  
"On ne peu guere s'en défendre":  
Et pour une reine, dit-on,  
Il eut le cœur un peu trop tendre:  
Elle l'abandonne un bon jour  
Et lui fait tourner la cervelle:  
Aux combats, mais non en amour:  
Que Roland soit notre modèle.

Soldats François, &c.

Roland fut d'abord officier,  
Car il étoit bon gentilhomme;  
Il eut un regiment entier  
De son oncle, Empreur de Rome.  
Il fut Comte, il fut Général,  
Mais vivant comme à la chambrée  
Il traitoit de frere, et d'égal  
Chaque brave homme de l'armée.

Soldats François, &c.

DR FERDINAND RAHLES,

Professor of and Lecturer on Music.

Malvern House, Grove Street Road, South Hackney, June, 1875.

\* The melody of this song, to which Sir Henry Bishop has composed an accompaniment for the pianoforte, was published many years ago by Lonsdale. Dr Rahles has lately again harmonized this fine melody, and will with pleasure forward a manuscript copy, on application, to those who take interest in it.

## THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

On Monday, the 12th inst., a farewell meeting was held in the Mildmay Hall, North London, avowedly convened for the purpose, after "praise and thanksgiving," of receiving from any minister of religion, either orally or by letter, "testimony to blessings received either by himself or his congregation during the time Mr Moody has been in Great Britain." In other words, Mr Moody, having come to revive religion in England, wished to know how far he had succeeded. It will be observed that only those ministers who could give evidence in favour of the revival were invited. The gathering, however, was significant both as a summing-up of results and as showing with what tact Mr Moody can drive the nail home. Some men would have considered their work finished with the meetings which came to an end last week. Mr Moody has a keener insight into the fitness of things. He must not only himself be satisfied of his success; he must leave it on the record of the Churches, and from the mouths of their ministers, that his satisfaction was no chimera, but an attested fact. His shrewdness, or foresight, or whatever we may call it, was fully justified by the meeting. The hall was crowded in every part, and the audience (about 1,500 in all) comprised, perhaps, about 300 ministers of religion, who in the main seemed friends, and many of whom were demonstrative admirers of the revivalists. Mr Moody himself was altogether quiet and undemonstrative. He opened the meeting by stating that during four months of incessant work in London they had not had one accident, nor had any of the workers in the revival suffered in health. For this great mercy and for all other mercies let the glory, he said, be given to God. He begged the speakers who followed him to remember this, and say as little as possible of human agency.

The Chairman of the London Committee told a wonderful story in a like undemonstrative manner. The Committee, he said, had been formed months ago to prepare the way for Mr Moody. It was composed of members of many different Churches, and its arrangements had included such gigantic operations as the building of two new halls (in Camberwell and Bow), besides the renting of the Agricultural Hall and the Opera House. Yet the money had flowed in as fast as they wanted it, and, more extraordinary still, they never had had one instance of difference of opinion, nor even the necessity of taking a vote, as to their operations. There had been not merely peace, but actual unanimity on all points. Choirs (think of choirs never disputing), stewards, ministers, every one concerned had been cordial and kind and had worked for unity. The members of the Committee never had asked each other as to their respective Churches; in fact, they knew nothing of Churches, but simply aimed to make the people acquainted with Christ. An aged minister from Glasgow (Mr or Dr Potter as we caught the name) testified to the Revival in Scotland, and especially in Glasgow. It was calculated, he said, that not fewer than 7,000 persons had been gathered into the Churches of that city within a year, and he reminded his hearers that in Scotland, unlike England, they had a certain way of testing their figures in these particulars by referring to the very names of the new admissions to their Churches. There was no doubt whatever among the ministers whom he represented that the figures he had given did not exaggerate the fact. As many as a hundred persons had been added to his own congregation, and now they had preaching tents all over Glasgow and daily conversions in such numbers that next year they would, he trusted, be able to show still greater results. They secured unity, not by talking about union, but simply by asking no questions about differences. A clergyman (Mr Billings), from the South of London, spoke in glowing terms of what the revival had done in his parish, and of the pleasure he had enjoyed in welcoming and working with the revivalists. Hundreds had been added to the South London Churches, and he heartily endorsed all that had been said as to the value of merging minor differences to carry out the one simple aim which had been set before them by Mr Moody. A Baptist minister, Mr Brown (a student from Mr Spurgeon's College, we believe), gave like testimony as to Stepney. Religious stagnation had been swept away. Prayers such as some months ago no one ever heard at the East-end of London were now common. The people even rose early to attend worship. Bow Road at 8 o'clock in the morning was now worth seeing. In fact, Mr Moody and Mr Sankey had shown that, after all these

centuries and with all that modern times could produce, there was still no attraction like the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and with directness of purpose, and resting on a personal Christ. No philosophy ever had reached the masses as this gospel was now reaching the East-end masses in London.

(To be continued.)

## PENNY READINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

What ingenious torturer of the musical portion of mankind was first struck with the thought of inflicting upon a confiding public that purgatorial species of entertainment denominated "Penny Readings?"—and why, having conceived the idea, did not the inventor thereof hide the terrible suggestion in the most secret recesses of his own bosom? But no, it is broached; and the epidemic spreads with lightning rapidity.

We enter a room in which one of these delectable evenings is being spent, and behold six or eight persons, male and female, perched upon a kind of platform, looking as uncomfortable and out of place as possible. An elderly gentleman is muttering something in a muffled monotone, inaudible to any but a few occupying the front row of seats; and even these do not appear to be in the entranced condition usual upon such occasions. This elocutionist now retires, and is succeeded by a young lady, who bends in recognition of the applause which greets her, and in a soprano that might have reduced an infuriated cockatoo to quiescence, proceeds to inform the listeners that "It was a dream." From her agonized expression we can only infer that the vision bore a close resemblance to nightmare. Having concluded with a scream, she regains her seat, and is succeeded by two other ladies, who knock the overture to *Semiramide* out of time, until, at length, the approbation of the audience proclaims them victorious. A youth in a bright blue tie now favours the assembly with an imitation of some popular "comique;"—but we can stand no more, and rush from the place with the determination never to attend another "penny performance," fervently hoping that the "kismet" of the originator may be a succession of them upon the brain.

WESTON S. JACKSON.

## AUS HALNEY COTCH.

(By a Confirmed Maniac.)

Dr Johnson, who was connected with *The Rambler* (or was *The Rambler* connected with Dr J.?), said things, concerning other things, the like of which has not been yet; or peradventure, fortuitously, will be. But not a word either in Dr Johnson's outpourings of Balfie or *Il Talismano*. But we digress. Johannes, of Bristol, was enamoured of Phenicopters (or Phenicopters, or Phenocopters, as the case may be, the occasion providing), as men are of that which is beyond their grasp. Nonetheless, for numismatic considerations, J. of B. affected the fullest knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the plumed two-stalker. But more of this subsequently. Will Mefisto answer?

And still another Johannes, of the Castle, Edinburgh—perennially and pluvially under a cloud with silver (and copper, though rarely gold) lining—of whom Pantagruel spake well, and 's hand be-shook. Though Rabelais be no more, yet Pan. lives free, and Panurge, too, for the matter of that, of which no matter.

But to resume:—A dog has a long tail—provided the fates have been gracious and knives be-blunted. This acknowledged, *ergo*—or *argal*, as Bill Shak. was wont to say, in his antic mood (O! Rainbow Tavern!)—every dog has a fine tail, if not otherwise apportioned by destiny. Wagner, who is no dog, and, therefore, points not our remarks, has a long tale about the Future of music. Salvini, who barks not, has an elongated narrative about the present of the drama.

Here we hasten to revert to J. S. Bach, who put the Clavier in a Good Temper, was no Good Templar (as Lionelius Broughius would, or would not, remark, according to events, or otherwise); Handel goes down to posterity without a handle to his name; Arthur Sullivan wakes sweet i' the ear, and gives us pretty music. For whom (and which) "Silence in the court!" Is not Mefisto basted?

PHITTHILL-THE-RIG.

[The writer of the foregoing was evidently *in vino*, when with pen in hand, and must be understood *cum grano*—without salt.—A.S.S.]



## PIERSON'S JERUSALEM.

By AMICUS PATRLE (1852).

(Continued from page 491.)

There are in the oratorio forty-seven numbers, as they are technically called, twenty-one of which are choral, one quintet, one duettino, two terzetto, five ariosos, two plain recitatives, and eighteen songs or arie. These, with the overture and a symphony expressive of the march of the Roman army against Jerusalem, make up the total. The larger proportion, by far, are choruses or solos, by which it is inferred that the composer prefers to wield the force of his whole orchestra, or to make use of the one obedient organ; which is tantamount to saying that he makes his effects, with the greatest willingness, *simple and broad*. So it is. Not, I would explain, that his simplicity is that of leaving to a beautiful voice a canvass to paint upon, or his breadth mere body of sound. Without any real disparagement of *executive art*, Mr Pierson considers voices merely as a part, though the superior part, of the one vast power by which he declares his conceptions to the world as a *creative artist*, and they are as plastic in his hands as are the stringed and metal subordinates of his orchestra. I much question whether a single note of ornament, comparatively, can be introduced into his music without such a violation of good taste, as few singers would hazard; but what is far better, his songs, in common parlance, *sing themselves*. An anecdote will illustrate this. At one of the private parties given in this city for the purpose of trying portions of the *Jerusalem*, a desire was expressed that the soprano air, "Ho! ho! come forth," should be gone through. After a pause of doubt as to who would attempt the performance of this very peculiar song, a little fellow who is educating for musical purposes, said very modestly to the composer—"Sir, if you like, I think I could sing it if you would let me try it." "Indeed!" was the reply, "then I should like to hear it very much." The air was sung without failure of a note; all its fresh resonant beauty came forth in the young voice; the effect upon the adult hearers was perfect. Thus the child had interpreted the man without effort, without preparation, and nothing could afford a more complete proof of the adaptation of the music to its purpose. Such is the character of all the solos without reserve. Difficulty is certainly rather courted than shunned, simply for this reason, that Mr Pierson sees and feels everything regarding music in a strong light, and never allows a supposition of inadequacy as to means to cross his mind; a free use of chromatic intervals, unexpected modulations, and wide reaching distances, marks his style, but these effect his purpose—they *say* and *sing* what he wishes, and this is all he requires. But it is not all he does; some of the most exquisite melodies will be found in the *Jerusalem* that ever flowed from the heart of a Poet of Sound.\* A blind musician, known to the writer, once listened to a beautiful strain from one of the old masters with which he was newly made acquainted. "To that," said the old man, devoutly folding his hands, "to that I can say my prayers." I feel sure that many will repeat this in their hearts as they listen to the recitative and solo for the tenor and soprano in the third part, beginning "What are these arrayed in white robes?" it is by such efforts that art proves its best power—the power to "purify our affections." The tenor air, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee," partakes largely of the same character, and those for the bass, "Woe to Ariel! the city where David dwelt," and "I saw a great white throne," are effective in a manner that it is scarcely possible to describe, without the aid of the musical colours that make them palpable. Among the *arioso*, one which peculiarly brings out the distinctions of Mr Pierson's style, is that for the soprano in the second part, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help," and perhaps beyond anything else in the work does the setting of this deeply yet simply dramatic sentence prove that he acknowledges *poetry to be the foundation of all art*. Its grandeur, its stately reproach—from the remarkable boldness of the distances used—is most impressive, and the heart-appealing change that is effected by the simple transition from a minor to a major key, seems like the relief of tears after sorrow and suffering have long dried their fountains. Mr Pierson has composed much, in his short career,

for the stage, and it is alike an evidence of his fine taste and strong will, that such a temptation as the powerful contrast contained in these words afford, should have been so entirely resisted.

(To be continued.)

## COME BACK, MY LOVE.

(Copyright.)

Come back, my love, come back to me,—  
Oh! would I had a carrier dove  
To take this message o'er the sea,  
And homewards hasten my true love.  
Come back, my love, come back to me;  
Oh! with my pray'r, sweet love, comply,  
And hasten home from o'er the sea,  
Before I break my heart, and die.  
For I would have my dear one nigh,  
To say, "Farewell, my love, good bye."  
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

I vow'd, when we were forc'd to part,  
That I should ever faithful be,  
And sacred keep my hand and heart,  
Until you claim'd, or set me free.  
But now my father, mother, too,  
And, still more strange, your sister Kate,  
Would have me, love, prove false to you,  
Forget, and leave you to your fate;  
To break your heart, perhaps, and die,  
And never hear me say, "Good bye."  
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

They say *he's* rich, and fond of me;  
That *you* are poor; if this be true,  
The greater, then, your need must be  
That I should keep my heart for you.  
The rich man does not need my heart;  
'Tis no great prize, but wealth can't buy;  
'Twas pledg'd to *you* when we did part,  
And yours it shall be till I die.  
Come back, my love, the hour is nigh,  
When I must say, "Farewell, good bye."  
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

EDMUND FALCONER.

## YORK MINSTER ORGAN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct an error which appeared in the letter signed "Palman qui meruit ferat." Referring to the "electors," mentioned by the musical man of \*\*\*\* I stated that "there was no one present at any of the organ performances who was qualified to act as umpire." The public have been solicited by the Dean to subscribe for the renovation of the \*\*\*\* organ; but what renovation is required, or who is to have such an important task, is not stated. £1,200 or £1,500 was asked for, and, I believe, is already subscribed by all classes, without knowing how the money is to be expended. With such liberal, easily-pleased friends, well may the Dean and Chapter have all their own way. Your correspondent, "Musicus," is quite right as to what an organist ought to be. In the Church of the Madeleine, of Paris, in Cologne Cathedral, in St Gudule, Brussels, &c., &c., their are choir-directors, who have all the drilling of the choir, the organist having his own department to himself. I ask, in the name of common sense—Why spend thousands on the organ, when the talent of the performer is of secondary importance? I should have thought some one with a world-wide fame ought to have filled the organ seat of \*\*\*\*. We have as fine organists in England as you can hear anywhere; need I mention such men as Wesley, Hopkins, G. Cooper, Rogers, Best, McKorkill, Chipp, Rea, Monk, &c.? These are not men of mere Cathedral routine. Let any one read the anthems and services of Wesley, poor Walmesley (late of Cambridge), Hopkins (of the Temple)—such men as these the wisacres of \*\*\*\* and other cathedrals would employ in drilling their half-dozen choir-boys and decrepid "lay vicars;" yea, and even subject them to be examined for appointment by some influential canon's wife! This really did happen once upon a time. I must now leave this subject in the hands of the profession, in the hope that they will so influence public opinion that they may have justice even from the dignitaries of the Church of England. Yours truly,

PALMAN QUI MERUIT FERAT.


\* Tondichter. German.



## VIENNA.


(From a Correspondent.)

The oft-mooted plan of combining the resources of the Burgtheater and those of the Royal Operahouse in a series of special performances is at length destined to become an established fact. The two managers, Herren Dingelstädt and Jauner, have agreed on producing, next winter, Sophocles' *Antigone* and *Œdipus in Colonus*, with Mendelssohn's music, the artists being taken from both houses, and the pieces being mounted in strict accordance with the Greek model. These pieces are to be followed by Shakspeare's *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and others.

It is reported that, in consideration of the gracious reception accorded him in high places, and the marks of favour showered on him during his recent stay in this capital, Verdi has promised the Emperor of Austria that he will compose a grand work to be first represented at the Imperial Operahouse. The *Neue Freie Presse* says this report is unfounded, and that Verdi has merely promised to come next season and conduct the first performance of *Don Carlos*. 

## A SILVER WEDDING.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Silver Wedding—celebrated on the 2nd inst.—of our *Capellmeister*, Herr Carl Krebs and his wife, Mad. Krebs, formerly Madlle Aloyee Michalesi, afforded a most convincing proof of the lasting affection and high esteem entertained for them both here and elsewhere. While the leading notabilities in art, and members of all classes in Dresden, came forward to congratulate the amiable couple, and overwhelm them with absolute floral mountains of the most magnificent bouquets, Hamburg, where their praiseworthy efforts are unforgotten, was represented by rich presents. We may especially mention a silver salver with tankards, the profusely decorated lids of the latter having engraved on them the names of the operas in which Mad. Krebs established her fame, and which her husband conducted. In addition to these there were the beginnings of songs, and themes from masses, cantatas, etc., of Herr Krebs's composition—a gift as significant as it was costly. On the salver is the inscription: "To the universally celebrated Pair, in honour of their Silver Wedding, etc., from Friends and Admirers in Hamburg." Telegrams and letters were received from the musical centres of Germany. The press, too, which honours in Herr Krebs a man of determined character as well as a highly gifted and amiable artist of the old stamp, while it unfortunately is compelled to admit, that the place of Mad. Krebs has not yet been, and, probably, will not be, for some time to come, filled up here, offered its congratulations. The Royal Chapel sent a particularly flattering letter to Herr Krebs, while the vases, salvers, flower-tables, albums, and silver wreaths, interwoven with gold leaves, in anticipation of the Golden Wedding, were so numerous that they could scarcely be counted. The good-humoured, unconstrained tone usual in the Krebs family reigned, also, on the present occasion, and the wonderfully fragrant bowl of fresh pine-apple punch, brewed by the hand of the *Capellmeister* himself, proved that in this respect, as in others, the author of, so many beautiful songs is no novice. The inmates of the house speak in terms of rapture of a morning greeting offered by Herr Hühler, with the celebrated horn quartet of the Royal Chapel, together with the members of the Chorus at the Theatre Royal, under the direction of Tempesta. Mary Krebs, who brought her parents the most welcome congratulations from London—in the shape of the renewed expression on the part of the most competent judges of her talent—might, perchance, have been prevailed on to give the guests a few chords on the piano; but where was the piano? where was the sofa? where were the tables and the chairs? The apartment kept getting more and more crowded with flowers and beautiful women, and—well, the piano may have been hidden beneath yonder heap of lilies and roses, but we cannot see it, and is it time to shake the respected couple by the hand, with every good wish for their welfare, bearing in mind the saying: "He who sows love cannot reap hatred, for love strikes deeper root than hatred can ever strike." 

Dresden, July 6.

## COPENHAGEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Danish papers frequently contain articles upon "the Copenhagen which is disappearing," and they find ample materials for reflection in the grand transformations now being effected in the town itself and the suburbs, by the opening of new thoroughfares, the demolition of old buildings, and the erection of new ones. The last well-known edifice about to disappear is the theatre in the Westabro suburb. It was built no further back than 1830. In 1837 it was occupied by a German operatic company, whose performances were largely patronized by the more refined portion of the public. The principal member of the company was a tenor, of the name of Georg Seest, still living, there is reason to believe, in the town of Schleswig. The site of the theatre has, within the last ten years, so increased in value as to be now worth a fabulous amount; yet, when it was at first put up for sale, no one bade for it.

F. W. S.

## "TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Mr Brinley Richards, in a letter which appears in your last number, relative to the above melody being an ancient Irish one, gives as his authority Mrs S. C. Hall. We might as well accept her fairy legends, and fabulous tracts and stories of the Irish peasantry, as historic facts, as to imagine she is any authority on the ancient music of Ireland. The melody was written, at the latter part of the last century, to an Anglo-Irish burlesque song, called "Castle Hyde," in a style anything but characteristic of the ancient Irish music. The absurdity of the words, so unfitted to the beautiful melody, induced Richard Adare Millikin to write "The Groves of Blarney," which soon rivalled its predecessor, "Castle Hyde," and continued long a favourite. Sir John Stevenson pointed out to Thomas Moore the beauty of the melody. Moore wrote his words to it, cutting out a portion of the melody to suit the ballad-mongers of the time. Neither Mrs S. C. Hall nor Mr Brinley Richards can point out any copy of the air earlier than Millikin's "Groves of Blarney." Moore's words popularized it, whilst Millikin's Anglo-Irish are now hardly, if ever, heard. The Village Bard, who wrote and composed "Castle Hyde"—Brian Tierney, a chimney-sweeper—was turned out of "Castle Hyde," by order of the master, and the watch-dogs set at him, for stringing together such words as the following:—

"'Tis there is handy,  
Both beer and brandy,  
With sugar-candy," &c.

Mr Tierney—whose practice it was to make songs upon the various gentlemen's houses, the chimneys of which he swept, and all to the same melody—celebrated the bounty of a family residing at Uskean, Tipperary, to the air on which "'Tis the last rose" is founded:—

"The thread of hope  
Becomes a rope  
Within the scope  
Of Uskean's shade."

At the singing and recital of the Bard's poem and song, Father Tom McCormick, finding fault with the construction of a sentence, was settled by the following reply of the chimney-sweeper:—

"What is grammar?  
I say, damn her."

Brian Tierney died in 1809, in his ninetieth year, and is buried in the country church-yard of Coolmore. His name is found on a small tombstone, where he is described, in the Irish language, as a worthy man, a bard, and a chimney-sweeper. Such was he who composed the melody of "'Tis the last rose of summer." Mr B. Richards is a good authority on the music of his native land, and great on the history of the "Scottish Snap," and the old story extracted from Burney and Hawkins' histories of music, of how Scotch tunes were manufactured from the scale of the black keys on the pianoforte, all of which he delivers and makes interesting to his Welsh auditors; but, when touching on the ancient music of Ireland, he had better be coached up in Walker's "Irish Bards," Hardman's "Minstrelsy," and other works.

A VISITOR AT MR B. RICHARDS' LAST LECTURE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

Moscow.—Mad. Artôt and Señor Padilla are engaged for next season at the Imperial Italian Opera.

## BENEFIT OF MDLLE TIETJENS.

Last night it was the turn of Mdlle Tietjens to meet her friends, who, we are sorry to say, did not crowd the house, as they should have done. This result, however, must not be explained by referring to a supposed indifference of the public about a great artist and faithful servant. Rather is it to be accounted for by a decidedly unfortunate choice of opera. That Mdlle Tietjens wears the mantle of Grisi, when she plays the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, is true enough; but she has done it so often, and Donizetti's music has become so hackneyed, to say nothing of its undramatic character—a fault which amateurs are becoming more and more able to appreciate—that *Lucrezia Borgia* appealed neither to curiosity nor taste. None theless, however, did those who looked only to a display of vocal and dramatic power on the part of the *bénéficiaire* enjoy the performance. Mdlle Tietjens was grander than ever in her part, more terrible in her revenge, more pathetic in her grief. We need not dwell upon the great features of her performance, hastening to say rather that the audience, mindful, perhaps, of the fact that she is about to leave us for a time, were demonstrative in the highest degree. At the close of each act Mdlle Tietjens had again and again to come forward, amid a rain of flowers, laurel wreaths, and other appropriate offerings. No "ovation" could have been more satisfactory, and, without doubt, none was ever more deserved. The other leading parts were sustained by Mdlle Trebelli (Maffio Orsini), Signor Fancelli (Gennaro), and Herr Behrens (the Duke Alphonso).—*Daily Telegraph*, July 21.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

The performances of French comic opera came to an end last night, with a concert and the *Fille du Regiment* of Donizetti. A series of English operatic performances, under the direction of Miss Blanche Cole, will commence on Saturday next.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

*Si j'étais Roi!* Robert le Diable, *La Favorite*, *La Juive*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Lucie de Lammermoor*, *Haydée*, *Le Chalet*, *Les Noces de Jeanette*, and the comedy, *Le Serment d'Horace*, have been placed on the boards of the Salle Monsigny by M. Lemaitre. His troupe of artists seem to have taken heart, and do not find that the public who frequent the theatre at Boulogne are so difficult to please after all. M. Charelli, who appeared in the rôles of Zephoris in *Si j'étais Roi!* Leopold in *La Juive*, and Georges in *La Dame Blanche*, met, as usual, with hearty applause. M. Robani is a "robust tenor;" he is *fort* in every way, an enormous man, with an enormous voice, of good compass, but with a metallic quality decidedly not pleasant. Mme Soustelle, who played Rachel in *La Juive*, and Léonore in *La Favorite*, possesses a good soprano voice, but does not understand how to use it. Mdlle Emma Nelly—*1re chanteuse légère*—has had a great deal to do since she joined the troupe, and we begin to appreciate her neat acting and her charming voice. Her Jeanette in *Les Noces de Jeanette*, and Eudoxie in *La Juive*, alike give satisfaction. M. Desuiten (bass) and M. Rey (baritone) also win approbation. Under the auspices of M. le Maire, the subscriptions for the "inundated" had, on Monday, reached the total of 38,000 fr. At a recent performance in the theatre a subscription was made; and, in less than ten minutes, 311 francs 60 cents was collected. The receipt at the doors was over 800 francs.—X. T. R.

A concert takes place on Friday, July 30, at the Etablissement des Bains, with Sinico, Demeric-Lablache, Campobello, and Bettini. The programme is good; and I advise all amateurs of good music, now the London season is over, to stay a few days in the queen of French watering places, on their way to Germany or the Alps. If Alpine or watering aspirants will linger among the hills and valleys of Boulogne, and patronize the concert on Aug. 9th, got up by Mdlle C. Patti and M. C. Ritter, I do not think they will regret their stay here. Many *fêtes* are being organized; one for the inauguration of the Skating Rink, to take place in the first week in August. Of course there is a concert, at which I have no doubt the "Skating Rink Polka"—yesterday in

a conspicuous position at a music publisher's window—will be played. Opera always the same. Concerts at Etablissement also. July 20, 1875. X. T. R.

## WAIFS.

Tamberlik is in Paris.

Faure left London for Paris on Sunday.

Mr John Boosey and Mr W. Duncan Davison are in Paris.

Mr Santley and Mr Charles Lyall have gone to the Lago Maggiore.

Mr Lovell Phillips has returned to England, after two years at Lisbon.

Sig. Salvini has returned to Italy—crowned with laurels, never more nobly earned.

Mr Josiah Pittman, of the Royal Italian Opera, has gone to Venice, with Mdlle Emma Albani.

Mr Ashdown, of the esteemed firm of Ashdown and Parry, Hanover Square, has returned from a tour through the United States and Canada.

Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy left London for Paris on Monday. Her success in London has been so great that she will doubtless visit us next season.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has gone to Barcelona, with Señor and Mad d'Abella (Mad. Angri of old times). She comes back (happily) to England for Mr Gye's tour, with Mdlle Albani.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal is closed till the 1st August.

MANNHEIM.—The eighth musical festival of the Lower Rhine came off here on the 4th and 5th inst. The principal works in the programme were Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, the second part of Schumann's *Faust*, and the Ninth Symphony. The performers numbered 940, of whom 140 were in the orchestra, and 800 in the chorus.

ST PETERSBURGH.—M. Cronier, the manager of several theatres in the French provinces, is at present endeavouring to obtain permission to erect a Théâtre Comique. As he is highly recommended, it is supposed he will be successful. A petition from the German inhabitants to build a German theatre in the Wassili-Ostrowsch Quarter has, on the contrary, again been rejected, though the necessary funds, both to erect and maintain the theatre, were subscribed by the German mercantile community ten years ago.

## Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING  
ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING  
Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

"The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction."—*Daily News*.

## THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of  
A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR  
THE VOICE.

By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Mdlle Alwina Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklin, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.  
London: HAMMOND & CO. (late JULLIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his Residence, 36, Wimpole Street.

## DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable remedy for sore throat, hoarseness and relaxed throat. It should always be taken before singing or reciting, as it strengthens the vocal organs. It is most extensively prescribed by the faculty for the throat and voice. Dr Lewis of Basingstoke says he finds them most efficacious, and in Dr Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine (Longman & Co.), they are strongly recommended at pages 872 and 1492. They are used by all the greatest vocalists and orators in Europe, and have been established over a quarter of a century. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

## NEW SONGS.

### THE LAST FAREWELL.

New Song by J. L. HATTON.

Sung by Mdlle ALBANI, at the Floral Hall Concerts, with the greatest possible success. In C and E. Price 4s.

### NEW SONGS BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SWEETHEARTS. In Ab and Bb. Sung by E. LLOYD	4s
THE JUDGE'S SONG. From <i>Trial by Jury</i> . Sung by Mr. FRED SULLIVAN	4s
TENDER AND TRUE. In Eb and F. Sung by EDITH WYNNE	4s
THE DISTANT SHORE. In Eb, F, and G	4s
THOU ART WEARY. In D minor and F minor	4s
THOU'RT PASSING HENCE...	4s

### NEW SONGS BY VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

CLOVELLY. Words from "Songs for Sailors." Dedicated to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh...	4s
SOWING AND REAPING. Sacred Song	3s
SHE CAME LIKE A DREAM. Sung by Madame ENRIQUEZ	3s
THE WHITE DOVE	2s 6d

### NEW SONGS BY FAVOURITE COMPOSERS.

YES AND NO	LOUISA GRAY	3s
MY LADY	AMY COMPTON	3s
IN THE TWILIGHT HOURS	"	3s
ELSIE'S DREAM	JOSEPH L. ROECKEL	3s
BESIDE THE SEA	"	3s
SUMMER WINDS	"	3s
SO LONG AGO...	GEORGE BARKER	3s
NINETTE	"	3s
THE ENTREATY The Lady	CLARENCE PAGET	3s
GLAMOUR	"	3s
SWEET LISETTE	J. L. ROECKEL	3s
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD	"	3s

CHAPPELL & CO.,  
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

### PRODUCTION OF WAGNER'S

## 'LOHENGGRIN.'

The Books of Airs (in Two Books), arranged for Pianoforte, with *ad. lib.* accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by

W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT

#### PRICE.

Solos	...	...	5s. each.
Duets	...	...	6s. "
Accompaniments	...	...	1s. "

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,  
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.



# POPULAR DANCE MUSIC,

## Elegantly Illustrated.

QUADRILLES.			WALTZES.			GALOPS.		
		s. d.			s. d.			s. d.
Auber (Melodies of) ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Angela ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Archery ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
Banting ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Awfully Jolly ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Breakneck ...	C. Coote ...	3 0
Blue Beard ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	An der Themse Strand ...	Kéler Béla ...	4 0	Croquet ...	C. Coote ...	3 0
Bridesmaids' (very easy) ...	W. Crawford ...	3 0	Alpine ...	J. Pridham ...	4 0	Dixey's Land ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
Bellevue ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Burlesque ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Droshkee ...	Marriott ...	4 0
Chilpéric ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Blush Rose ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Entre Calais et Douvres ...	Kéler Béla ...	3 0
Caledonians ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Belle brunette ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Fun of the Ball ...	Marriott ...	4 0
Caledonians (with the figures) ...	R. Coote ...	3 0	Cornflower ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Formosa ...	W. C. Levey ...	3 0
Carnarvon Castle (Welsh airs) ...	H. S. Roberts ...	4 0	Christy's Jewel ...	C. Coote ...	4 0	Harmony ...	J. King ...	3 0
Comic Tunes ...	C. Coote ...	4 0	Damask Rose ...	G. Richardson ...	4 0	Hue and Cry ...	E. M. Lott ...	3 0
Dolly Varden ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Fairy Visions ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Irrepressible ...	W. Calcott ...	4 0
England and Wales ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Gleaners ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Jolly Dogs ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Emerald Isle ...	H. S. Roberts ...	3 0	Golden Tresses ...	C. Coote ...	4 0	Nemesis ...	J. Fitzgerald ...	4 0
Formosa ...	W. C. Levey ...	4 0	Joyous Life (Randegger) ...	Marriott ...	4 0	On and Off ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0
Figaro ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Kate Kearney ...	C. Coote ...	4 0	Outpost ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0
Happy Home ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Kathleen Mavourneen ...	Montgomery ...	4 0	Princess Louise ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0
Holidays ...	J. Pridham ...	3 0	Kiss ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Patchwork ...	E. M. Lott ...	3 0
Ireland ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Kellogg ...	Arditi ...	4 0	Pekin ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Italy ...	Marriott ...	4 0	L'Ardis ...	Arditi ...	4 0	Punch and Judy ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Irish ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Love Dreams ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Roulette ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
L'ancien régime (French airs) ...	Goodban ...	4 0	Lover and the Bird ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Royal Ascot ...	Marriott ...	4 0
Lady of Lorne ...	Alister M'Alister ...	4 0	Lisette ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Trumpeters ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
Little Folks ...	S. Glover ...	4 0	Language of Flowers ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Tintamarre ...	C. de Mazières ...	3 0
Little Children's (very easy) ...	A. Miolan ...	3 0	Leila ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Tramp ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0
My Darling (ditto) ...	A. Miolan ...	3 0	L'Innocence ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Wildfire ...	E. M. Lott ...	3 0
Masquerade Lancers ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Lilian ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Wind-up ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0
Merrymaking ...	J. T. Stone ...	4 0	Little Coquette ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
Nemesis ...	J. Fitzgerald ...	4 0	Moët and Chandon (Songs of the season) ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
New Lancers ...	H. J. Tinney ...	3 0	Marie Alexandrowna ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0			
Orpheus (Offenbach) ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Nemesis ...	C. Coote ...	4 0			
Oriental ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Ours ...	J. M. Ball ...	4 0			
Overture ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Pauline ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
Pretty Bird ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Primrose ...	G. Richardson ...	4 0			
Pretty Kitty ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Punch and Judy ...	Marriott ...	4 0			
Punch and Judy ...	H. S. Roberts ...	4 0	Patchwork ...	E. M. Lott ...	4 0			
Punch and Judy Lancers ...	H. S. Roberts ...	4 0	Princess Louise ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0			
Patchwork ...	E. M. Lott ...	4 0	Princess Beatrice ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0			
Princess Louise ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Queen of the Fête ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
Princess Louise Lancers ...	C. Godfrey ...	4 0	Song of Songs ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
Rage of London ...	C. Coote ...	4 0	Spring Blossoms ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0			
Snapdragon ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Songs of the Wood ...	H. J. Tinney ...	4 0			
Sambo ...	J. Pridham ...	3 0	Summer Flowers ...	H. J. Tinney ...	4 0			
Scotland ...	Marriott ...	4 0	Sing. birdie, sing ...	Marriott ...	4 0			
Twelfth Night ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	4 0	Wood Nymph ...	Marriott ...	4 0			
Valentine and Orson ...	C. de Mazières ...	3 0						
Versailles ...	Marriott ...	4 0						
Winter Nights ...	Marriott ...	4 0						
Ye Merrie Old Times ...								
Lancers ...	F. Godfrey ...	4 0						

### POLKAS.

Blush Rose ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0
Butterfly's Ball ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
Bacchus ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Cremorne ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Early in the morning ...	C. Coote ...	3 0
Grecian Bend ...	C. Coote ...	3 0
Jolly Dogs ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Kingfisher ...	C. Coote, jun. ...	3 0
Organ-grinder ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Orpheus ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Punch and Judy ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Sailor Boy ...	Marriott ...	3 0

### SCHOTTISCHES.

Kettle Drum ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0
Jenny Bell ...	H. C. Swatton ...	3 0
Nelly ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0

### POLKA-MAZURKAS.

Blue Bell ...	Marriott ...	3 0
Mignonette ...	C. Godfrey ...	3 0
Trebelli ...	H. Roubier ...	3 0

### VARSOVIANAS.

Les Montagnards ...	H. Roubier ...	3 0
Polly Perkins ...	R. Coote ...	3 0

Most of the above Dances are published as Duets, and Accompaniments for any Instruments (from the Orchestral parts), price SIXPENCE each, may be had to nearly all.

LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE, W.